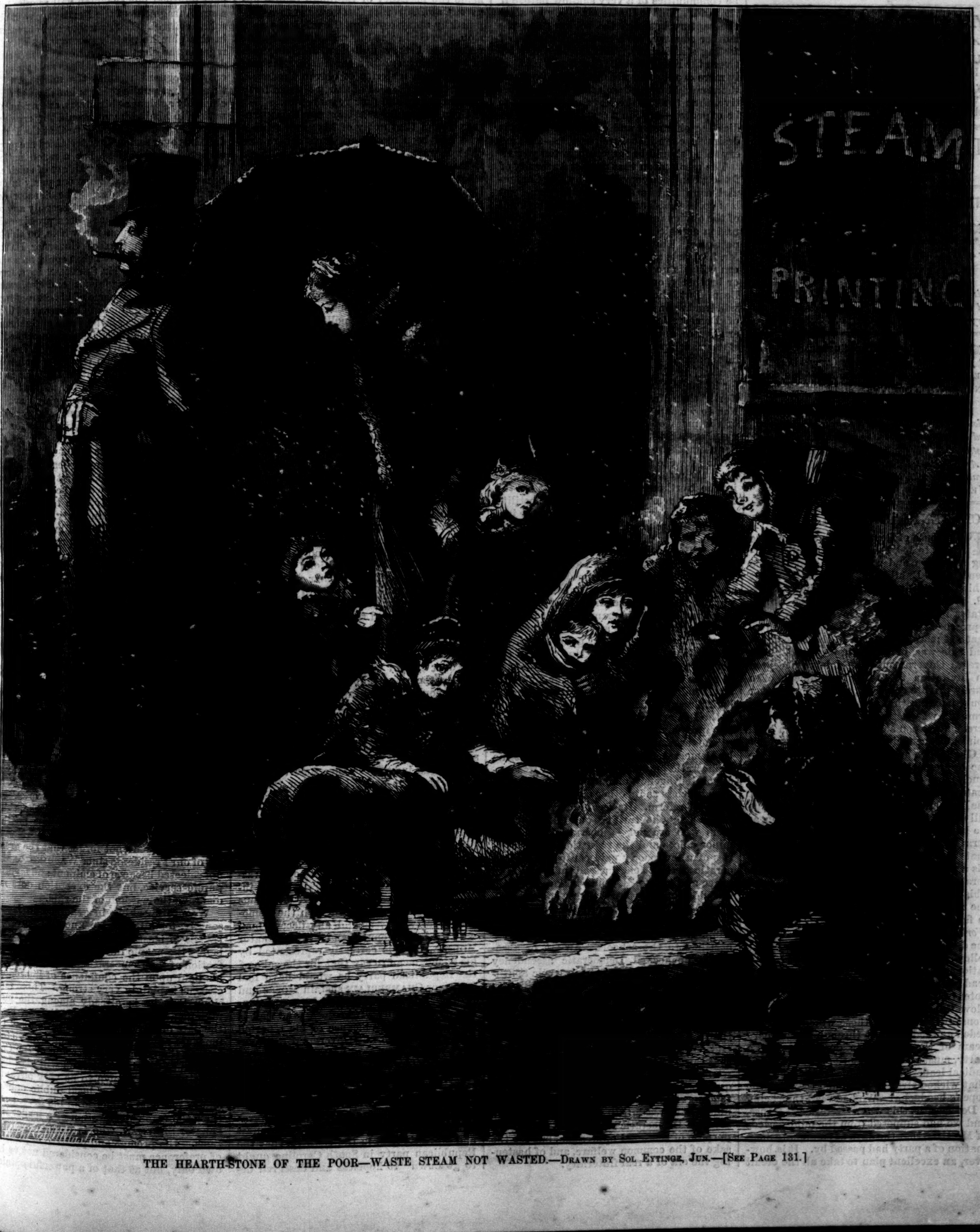
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XX.—No. 998.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1876. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1876, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



THE HEARTH-STONE OF THE POOR—WASTE STEAM NOT WASTED.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 131.]

AH! ME.

The fairest flower upon the vine—
So far above my reach it grows
I ne'er can hope to make it mine—
Smiles, in the sun, a peerless rose.
The wind is whisp'ring soft and low
Fond praises of its loveliness;
Its sweetness *I* can only guess,
But never know.

On beauteous lips—as far away
As is the rose—a kiss there lies;
And on those lips that kiss must stay,
Though I may look with longing eyes.
A cruel fate hath willed it so,
Not mine that crimson mouth to press;
Its sweetness *I* can only guess,
But never know.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ *Owing to an unprecedented increase in subscriptions, the delivery of Back Numbers of* Harper's Weekly *and* Harper's Bazar *for 1876 will be somewhat delayed. They will be forwarded as soon as reprinted.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, February 12, 1876.

NEW STORY BY GEORGE ELIOT.

☞ *A new Serial Story by this admired and popular author was begun in the February Number of* Harper's Magazine, *under the title of*

"DANIEL DERONDA."

It is a story of English life, and it will be continued in monthly parts. The title of Book I. of the story is "The Spoiled Child."

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains the conclusion of* Mr. Jenkins's *powerful Story,*

"THE DEVIL'S CHAIN,"

a double-page engraving of a scene in Herzegovina, and a variety of interesting miscellaneous reading matter.

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

CENTENNIAL CONCILIATION.

THE House of Representatives, by a vote of 146 to 130, has passed the bill granting a million and a half of dollars to the Centennial Exhibition. This is a result which every intelligent person has expected. When the Government of the United States invited foreign Governments to be represented at the Exhibition, it became by that act morally a party in the enterprise, and this was, of course, understood, as no foreign Government would have accepted an invitation to the entertainment of a purely private company, and no such power could imagine that the United States Government was acting merely as master of ceremonies upon such an occasion to a local joint-stock association.

Glad as we are that the House has made the appropriation, we should rejoice very much more if we believed, with the *World*, that the vote would secure the dissolution of the Democratic party. On the day before the bill passed in the House, for whose action, as we have been constantly assured, the Democrats are responsible, the *World* announced that the vote upon the "Centennial job" "is a vote on the question whether the Democratic party shall be disbanded or not." This was too good to be true. But still when the result was decided by Democratic votes in favor of "the job," we looked to see the *World* wiping away a few natural tears over the demise of its party in consequence of not following its advice; but instead of lamentations for the suicide of the Democracy, we read of the bill which passed by Democratic votes in a Democratic House, that "the new blow thus dealt at the limitations of the Constitution, like all those which have preceded and led up to it through these weary years of the passionate domination of a party, must be carried to the account of the radical leaders and mischief-makers." Ah! that wicked strawberry which explains the toper's headache! We had read that being a Democratic, this was a "reformed" House, and we had supposed from the mild periods of Mr. Hill that the days of passionate domination of a party had passed by. It is, however, an excellent plan to take all the credit of the virtues of your own party and to lay the guilt of your vices upon your opponents.

In support of the bill, Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, made a speech, taking the ground that if the law authorizing the President to invite Commissioners from foreign countries was constitutional, the appropriation necessary to defray the proper expenses consequent upon the invitation could not be unconstitutional. In conclusion he fell into the Centennial strain, and declared that he did not believe any sentiment of alienation lingered any where in the heart of the people; that they were animated by an intense patriotism, and burned for entire fraternal accord. The expression of this feeling may have been obstructed by hot and angry partisans, but it existed nevertheless. This is doubtless a sincere impression upon the part of Mr. Lamar, but it is due to an ardent wish rather than to actual observation of the truth. Communities do not change their hereditary faiths and feelings and habits of thought, their political and social principles and theories, in a day, nor in a decade. They would be communities of a very shallow nature if they did. This is the hundredth year since the rupture between the colonies and the mother country, yet a certain alienation of feeling still lingers. But the hostility between the North and the South was infinitely more deadly and absolute, and the war a thousandfold more desolating and destructive, than that of the Revolution. Is it to be expected—and, in a certain sense, as indicating character and quality of race, is it desirable, even if it were possible—that every thing should be forgotten in ten years?

The assumption that perfect fraternity of feeling can be accomplished by any Centennial sentiment is simply foolish; and not less so is the denunciation of a statement of the obvious and necessary facts of the situation as "bloody" and "atrocious" and unpatriotic. The Democratic party, of which Mr. Lamar is a chief of the powerful Southern wing, is no more patriotic, or Christian, or brotherly, or forgiving, than the Republican. But it hopes by insisting upon "good-will" and upon silence in regard to the facts of Democratic ascendency in the Southern States, and by loud vociferation of the statesmanship of conciliation, to slip back into power. We do not believe, and we doubt if any body believes, that Mr. Lamar, for instance, has any kinder feeling for "the North" than Mr. Blaine has for "the South." Nor do we suppose that the White League, or the mass of the active and controlling members of the Democratic party in the Southern States, have any more fraternal feeling for the people of the whole country than the members of the Republican party in the Northern States. It is not in the North that relentless or vindictive hostility of feeling has ever been shown; and the just and legitimate unwillingness of the patriotic intelligence of this part of the country to intrust the government to the allies of the White League sentiment and spirit is not a narrow, sectional, detestable, unworthy, unfraternal, ungenerous, or unpatriotic feeling: it is simply the dictate of common-sense and common humanity, and it is totally unaccompanied by any wish or purpose of a harsh and repressive policy. Indeed, the wretched condition of many parts of the Southern States is by no means entirely due to negro suffrage, or scalawags, or Republican ascendency, but in the greater part to the logical results of slavery and to the conduct of the Democrats who most loudly complain of oppression.

The assumption so sedulously fostered by Democratic orators and organs, that the Democratic party is the great and Heaven-appointed agency of national conciliation, is as baseless as its other claim of being the party of reform. Its record of reform is exhausted by the turning out of Union soldiers who are not Democrats from a few minor offices and the reduction of the salaries of a few poorly paid consuls. A Democratic restoration, instead of promoting peace and good-will, would make the "mild intimidation" of the Southern colored citizens a systematic tyranny, it would flood Congress with Southern claims, and it would stimulate and invigorate the ecclesiastical hostility to the schools. An era of absolutely unchecked Democratic ascendency in this country was one of despotic Southern leadership, of undisguised hostility to the Union, to the people of the North, and to the safeguards of American liberty. It is this knowledge, and the consciousness that the traditions and training of two generations do not pass like a morning vapor, that cause those who sustained the war, but who now differ radically upon some great questions of public policy, still to maintain their party organization, and to oppose a united and resolute front to the effort to secure a Democratic restoration, not for the purpose of sectional oppression, but for the sake of the common welfare, and of hastening the era of a real fraternity.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A Senator in Congress recently wrote to Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, that Senator Morton looked upon him as practically identified with the Democrats, and had already given up the State to the opposition. This was not a charge that Governor Chamberlain had done any thing wrong, that he was not a faithful and able executive officer, that he was not zealously striving for honest administration; nor was it a declaration that Moses and Whipper were fit persons to sit upon the bench of the most important court: it was simply an assertion that Governor Chamberlain was an unsound party man. To this charge the Governor has replied in a letter to his correspondent, which has been made public with the writer's sanction. The statements of the letter are very direct and emphatic, and we doubt if any candid man can read them without acknowledging the wisdom of the Governor's course. When he was nominated, the administration of Moses had made the necessity of thorough reform apparent, and Governor Chamberlain was opposed by many excellent Republicans as a man who could not be trusted to carry out reform, and they united with Democrats in supporting another candidate. He was elected by a majority of eleven thousand, as against majorities of thirty-six and forty thousand, two and four years before.

Upon taking his seat Governor Chamberlain found that many of his party friends who had been most vociferous for reform did not want reform, and when he adhered faithfully to his pledges, and began to do what he had promised to do, the opposing Republicans raised the easy and odious cry that he was going over to the Democrats. But he persevered, and when the Legislature met last November, the Democratic party was practically paralyzed, for its leaders and organs were compelled to admit that the State was well governed under the Governor's policy of reform. Yet he had done nothing which is held to be a betrayal of party obligations. He has never been attached to any political party but the Republican, and neither by his appointments nor by the legislation that he favored did he show any party affiliation with the Democracy. Every one familiar with the recent history of the State knows, however, that there is a corrupt element in the Republican party. It is notorious, like the old Tweed Ring in New York, and this element hated Governor Chamberlain for insisting on reasonable taxes, competent officers, honest expenditures, and no stealing. He made war upon the Rings. The cost of public printing was cut down from $180,000 to $50,000, and contingent funds from $80,000 to $27,000. All that the thieves could say was that the Democrats praised such conduct, and that therefore it was treachery to the Republican party. And this cry has been echoed by party scullions elsewhere, who, if they could have their way, would identify the Republican party in South Carolina with the support of Moses and Whipper, dishonesty and theft.

Governor Chamberlain says of Moses—and he but repeats what is familiar—that this man who first eagerly raised the rebel flag over Sumter when it fell in April, 1861, "unless the universal belief among all classes of people in this State is mistaken, is as infamous a character as ever in any age disgraced and prostituted public position." And of Whipper he says, "He seems to have only lacked opportunity to prove himself the equal of Moses in infamy." Their election as judges, the Governor truly declares, has sent a thrill of horror through the whole State, and he might as truly add, of disgust through the United States. "No decent man could do less than oppose them." The Governor has done no more. He would have betrayed not only the Republican party, but public honor and the common welfare, had he done less. If to oppose rascality, to save the mere honesty of the judicial bench, to discountenance notorious knaves, is to be identified with the Democratic party, why should any decent man wish to be a Republican? Does Senator Morton, if he is correctly represented by his friend, mean to say that for the sake of the Republican party he would have had Governor Chamberlain sustain Moses and Whipper, and not openly and unconditionally oppose them? If he does—and that is the scope and significance of his reported opinion—it is he, not Governor Chamberlain, who betrays that party.

If South Carolina is to be surrendered to the Democracy, it will be done only by insisting that the Republican party there shall be identified with the support of Moses and Whipper. If that is done, we agree with the Governor, and with every honest and patriotic man in the country, that the Republican party in South Carolina ought to go down "to hopeless and deserved defeat and infamy." And if men like Moses and Whipper are to represent that State in the National Convention, just so far as they control the action of the Convention will it be repudiated by honorable Republicans throughout the Union. This is the year in which the party must "unload" such incumbrances, or meet a disgraceful catastrophe. It will be in vain to plead the necessity of keeping Southern Democrats out of power, if they are to be kept out by keeping Moses and Whipper in. If the overwhelming Republican sentiment of the country did not support Governor Chamberlain in this contest, as it does, a Democratic success would be nearer than we wish to believe.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S LETTER.

Senator Sherman, of Ohio, has written a frank and decided letter to a friend in his State declaring himself in favor of Governor Hayes for the Presidency. The Senator begins by stating the Democratic policy of organizing the Southern States into a compact political power which will require but a small fragment of the North to give it absolute control. The consequences of success in this plan he plainly portrays, and justly regards the election of a Republican President, with a liberal Republican policy, as the only safeguard against the mischief. He thinks that public opinion has decided conclusively against a third term, and a renomination, in his judgment, would be "criminal folly." He does not believe that the President has ever seriously entertained the proposition, but even if he has, a renomination would none the less be "an act of suicide," because "it would disrupt our party in every Republican State." The Senator declares his ability to support heartily any of the candidates who have been prominently mentioned, but, upon the whole, he thinks that the nomination of Governor Hayes would be the strongest that could be made. He is wholly free, Mr. Sherman says, from the personal antagonisms and jealousies that would weaken some of his competitors. As a soldier, a member of Congress, and Governor, he has been efficient and upright, and his personal character is spotless, while his views upon the currency question are entirely sound, and upon the great points of equal rights and the public faith he is as trustworthy as a man can be. Thus thinking Governor Hayes a thoroughly "available" candidate, Senator Sherman urges the united action of the party in Ohio for his nomination.

This is a very significant letter. Mr. Sherman is the first among leading Republican Senators to declare that a renomination of the President would be not only unwise, but suicidal folly, sure to defeat and destroy the Republican party. He is also the first of the same class of leaders to suggest that success is more probable with a candidate who is free from the disadvantages of those who have been conspicuously engaged in angry controversies, or whose public relations of various kinds are such as to have excited enmities. This is a double category, which includes almost every prominent candidate, such as Mr. Morton, or Mr. Blaine, or Mr. Bristow, or Mr. Conkling. Senator Sherman's argument for Governor Hayes is that of availability. The worst of this argument is that it is negative. It recommends a candidate on the ground that nothing is known to his discredit. But the conclusive argument for a Presidential candidate should be that so much is known in his favor. The Presidency should be the reward of public service so great and valuable as necessarily to be known to the whole country. This, indeed, is not "the way the thing works," but it is the true view, and that "the thing works" differently, should be but another incentive to vigorous efforts to make it work properly. We do not forget that the greatest of our Presidents since Washington was not selected because of eminent and familiar public service, but the exception does not disprove the wisdom of the rule.

We are speaking in general and impersonally, for all that we know of Governor Hayes is most creditable. He has beaten before the people in turn the leader of every faction of the Democratic party in Ohio, and his hold upon the confidence of his fellow-citizens is plainly very strong. Three facts show that he is already among the most prominent of the probable candidates. First, the date of the Ohio State election and the immense advantage of a Republican victory at that time; then the meeting of the Convention at Cincinnati, which will give him, what has been shown to be very advantageous, the pressure of local public opinion and of personal influence in his favor; and then the frank declaration of a leader like Senator Sherman, who is usually overcautious. His prompt and positive expression of preference must be considered not as his own only, but as that of a powerful opinion in the Western States—an opinion of which we have already had private intimation from other States than Ohio. The Senator's letter will be of great service if it should encourage other leaders to speak as frankly and forcibly.

THE SCHOOL AMENDMENT.

MR. **CARROLL E. SMITH**, of Onondaga County, chairman of the Committee on Public Education, has introduced in the New York Assembly the following amendment to the Constitution of the State:

> *Resolved* (if the Senate concur), That Article IX. of the Constitution be amended by the addition of the following sections:
>
> SEC. 2. The common schools of the State shall be free forever; and the Legislature shall provide for the instruction in the branches of rudimentary education, for the period of at least twenty-eight weeks in each year, of all persons in the State between the ages of five and twenty-one years.
>
> SEC. 3. Neither the money nor the credit of the State, nor of any municipal corporation, town, or county, shall be applied to the support of schools under the control of any religious sect or denomination.

There is probably no person in the State, who thinks that a public unsectarian common-school system should be maintained, who does not approve this proposition. And those who approve it can hardly object to its receiving constitutional sanction. Certainly if the free common schools are so important as is believed, their existence should be secured by the fundamental law; and if it be upon every reasonable ground desirable that they should be unsectarian, the argument for making that condition constitutional is irresistible. There would seem to be no good reason that the amendment should not pass unanimously, and become without contest a part of the Constitution. Yet we apprehend—but should be greatly pleased to find ourselves mistaken—that there will be opposition and delay, and that they will take a partisan form. If any question should be independent of party considerations, it is that of free public unsectarian schools; and every partisan should be glad, as a patriot, of a common ground of the public welfare upon which he can stand with his political opponents.

If the party line should be drawn upon this amendment, it will not be upon its merits, nor upon individual conviction, but wholly upon supposed party necessities. The Democratic leaders would fear, by supporting the amendment, to alienate the votes of those who advocate sectarian schools. These are found almost exclusively in one Church. The opposition to the amendment would therefore spring from fear of the Roman Catholic priesthood and its action. Mr. **STARBUCK**, a State Senator from the Eighteenth District, will think this statement of a very simple truth, which he would find it very difficult honestly to question, another illustration of the disposition to excite religious hate which he has found in this paper. Yet we have very little doubt, and we presume that Senator **STARBUCK** has as little, that if there were no Catholic votes in the State, there would be no opposition whatever to the proposed amendment. Indeed, in that case, the amendment would seem to be unnecessary. But if we have reached a point where priestly or ecclesiastical influence directly or indirectly controls legislation, who is it that mingles "religion and politics?" Who is it that fans the fires of religious hate—those who by a constitutional amendment would, so far as the schools are concerned, put the question beyond further agitation, or those who, by opposing the adoption of the amendment, would keep an angry question open?

The President and Mr. **BLAINE** have been accused of appealing to sundry dark and awful passions by their recent propositions upon this subject. But why? They both suggest in substance that the question of public support of sectarian schools shall be quietly and promptly settled. Is that stirring up strife? Have they raised the question? It is childish to reply that no party has yet demanded sectarian schools, because it is a fact that in more than one State legislation has been carried under virtual coercion from an ecclesiastical organization which has declared open and unwavering hostility to the school system as it exists. This organization controls the votes which give the Democratic party in New York its majority whenever it has one. Is it necessary for that party to demand sectarian schools, when the purpose of its allies can be more surely served by opposing all movements to secure fundamentally the unsectarian character of the schools, and by decrying those movements as bringing religious passion into politics? We are told that it is not a practical issue. But what makes a practical issue? Is it the mention of it in a platform? But silence is often quite as significant as speech. When Republicans oppose frankly and fairly any project to sectarianize the schools, and would make that policy unconstitutional, the Democrats either accuse their opponents of stirring up passions, or they are guardedly silent. In both ways, and by the general party legislative vote upon such questions, they aid and comfort the ecclesiastical enemy. Is it no issue because they say that there is no party seeking such ends? These ends are sought, and they are favored by partisans. The only hope of success lies in party support, and circumstances show that that support is to be expected from a party whose very silence and denunciation of agitation only make the probability greater.

If the Democratic party sincerely deplores what it calls mixing religion with politics, and wishes to put an end to all chance of religious agitation in the wrong place, it has only to sustain Mr. **BLAINE**'s amendment in Congress, and in the State of New York that of Mr. **SMITH**. Neither of them contains any new or strange doctrine. They embody principles which have become axioms in American polity. Their adoption would at once render agitation upon the subject pointless and impracticable. But until they are adopted, the danger against which they guard is a constant menace, and they who deny or deride that danger are the real agitators.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

THE change in the rate of postage upon third-class matter at the close of the last Congress made a general excitement throughout the country as substantially a heavy tax on knowledge. The protest of the press was stringent and universal, and so strong was the public feeling that some Representatives declared in advance that they should move for the repeal of the law immediately upon the meeting of Congress. They did so, and there was even a contest between Republicans and Democrats for precedence in proposing action, and the question came up last week in the House upon a motion to repeal the bill and restore the old rate of postage. After a short debate the repeal passed without opposition. Mr. **GARFIELD** stated that the provision of last year was supposed at the time to be in accordance with the wishes of the Postmaster-General, and it was also supposed that the increased rate applied to merchandise only. But it was found, too late, that it covered transient newspapers and pamphlets. Mr. **RANDALL** asked why the Postmaster-General waited until the very end of the session before making his proposition, and General **GARFIELD** replied that he was not the keeper of the Postmaster-General's counsels and opinions.

Whatever the reason of the delay may have been, the Postmaster-General has never advocated an increase of the postal rates upon newspapers and pamphlets, and we know no ground for assuming that he has any other purpose than the very proper one of reducing, so far as practicable, the annual deficit of his department without laying a higher tax upon the dissemination of intelligence. Precisely how this is to be done is a question which can not be answered offhand. There should undoubtedly be some discrimination in third-class matter. There is no good reason that bass-drums, rattlesnakes, bee-hives, bouquets, and ladies' muffs should be carried at a loss to the Treasury, and at the same rates with works of literature and knowledge. And even in these latter there is room for discrimination. The newspaper and pamphlet and unbound printed matter of every kind might perhaps be more lightly taxed than bound books.

These, however, are points for careful deliberation, and that the ill consequences of the last year's hasty and unwise and unpopular legislation may not be repeated this year, we trust that the Senate will lose no time in taking up and considering the bill which has passed the House. Senators will not forget that the country is still burdened with the increased rates, and that the only speedy relief lies in their prompt action. What is needed to satisfy public opinion is a reasonable and generous policy, founded not only upon the experience of other countries, but upon the experience and the actual conditions of our own country.

REDUCTION OF THE ARMY.

THE one official service in this country which is so excellent and efficient that it has become a proverb of honesty and fidelity is that of the officers of the army, and it is at the army that the "reformed" Democratic House is understood to meditate a blow. The army consists of scarcely twenty thousand effective men. They are distributed over a continent. They guard the long and wide and bare frontier upon which hostile Indians are always swarming, they garrison the military posts, and they stand ready to protect the rights of the new citizens and of all others in the Southern States wherever such protection becomes necessary. Formerly the army was almost a jest; but we have learned that we share the lot of all nations, and that we can not always escape war. Our chief reliance in such an emergency would of course be, in the future, as it has been in the past, upon the militia, the volunteer citizen soldier. But the experience of the late war should not be forgotten. The value of trained military knowledge and skill can not be overestimated. There is no pursuit in which precise special intelligence is more immediately necessary and effective. Hence, that the citizen soldier upon whom we justly rely may upon an emergency be truly and promptly useful, that human life may be spared, money economized, and the country saved from unnecessary peril, the maintenance of an adequate regular military force is absolutely indispensable.

It is, therefore, a most perilous and extravagant economy that would reduce the present military establishment. We can understand that it is not regarded with favor by the Democratic majority. There are certain associations with the army of the Union that are not agreeable to many who now have a voice in its reduction. "But," said General **SHERMAN**, at the New England dinner, in words with which every true-hearted American will sympathize, "I hope this great nation will not forget the lesson of **WASHINGTON**, and be prepared for danger when it comes, *and keep not only the instruments of war, but the knowledge of war.* Preserve them as something pure and above price, so that we need not again submit to the mortification of sending to Germany for men to drill our soldiers in our next war." No one who is practically familiar with the frontier is of opinion that the military force there is too large, nor are there too many soldiers at any point where they are now posted. We are not in danger, as in France, of the use to which a standing army may possibly be turned by ambitious generals. All the stock arguments against such a force are futile and inapplicable in this country, and every good reason for the maintenance of any army pleads against the reduction of our present force, unless it can be demonstrated to be larger than is necessary to maintain what General **SHERMAN** calls the knowledge and the practice of war.

PERSONAL.

MR. **GEORGE JONES** has recently purchased the fifteen shares of stock of the New York *Daily Times* that belonged to the estate of **JAMES B. TAYLOR**, and is now the owner of a majority of its capital stock, and the controller of its future. The price paid for the fifteen shares was $150,000 cash, or $10,000 per share. At this rate, the establishment would be worth $1,000,000, and could probably be sold for that sum at almost any moment.

—A new wag has appeared in Congress, and of course he is a boon—Mr. **MARTIN I. TOWNSEND**, of the Seventeenth Congressional District of this State. He *débuted* in a speech on the Centennial appropriation. He has an attractive voice and a jaunty manner that at once attract the attention of the House, and left the impression that he is a man not to be trifled with. His manner is quaint, blunt, pointed, and telling, showing that he possesses wit, humor, irony, and, what is best, strong common-sense. Such men light up the House.

—One of the largest and best-looking men in the present Congress is **LEVI MAISH**, the descendant of an old Bavarian family settled in this country since the time of Queen **ANNE**. He represents the district of York, which was the capital of the U. S. during a part of the Revolution. He is a young man, six feet four inches high, of florid complexion, and goes with the Democrats.

—Sir **ANTHONY ROTHSCHILD**, recently deceased, was something of a wag in his way—as much so, perhaps, as a man of his enormous wealth could be and preserve his health. Some years ago there was a whist club at Paris at which the **ROTHSCHILDS** and other bankers used to play. One of the bankers died, and the other members of the club were discussing his circumstances. "He was worth five millions of dollars," said one; upon which **ROTHSCHILD** remarked, compassionately, "I had no idea he was in such straitened circumstances."

—Lord **STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE**, now eighty-eight years old, has burst into literature and written a play, which is in press, the subject of which is **ALFRED** the Great at Athelney. His lordship while an under-graduate (in 1809) was made secretary of legation at Constantinople. In 1820 he was sent on a special mission to Washington to adjust certain differences left unsettled by the Treaty of Ghent, and was for many years afterward prominent in the British diplomatic service. Two years ago he published a summary of the evidences of Christianity, under the title of *Why am I a Christian?* and now he branches off into theatricals!

—"Jennie June" writes: "Miss **ALCOTT** is tall, to the infinite surprise of many of her admirers, who get the impression that she is a very little person from her books. But she is a good and thoroughly charming woman, utterly free from nonsense, shams, pretenses, and 'gush;' a quick and intelligent observer, kind and even loving to children, who in turn soon learn to adore her."

—Among those who draw pensions from the United States Government Pension Agency in this city, which disburses about a million dollars per annum, is Mrs. **PAMELA BROWN**, widow of General **JACOB BROWN**, formerly commanding general of the army. Mrs. **BROWN** has for many years lived in the family of her relative, **WILLIAM E. EVERETT**, Esq., of Rye. Her pension is $50 per month. The same amount is paid to Mrs. **ARABELLA RILEY**, widow of General **BENNET RILEY**, who, on going into action in one of the battles in the Mexican war, said, "Boys, I'm going to win a yellow sash or six feet of Mexican ground to-day!" He won the sash. General **JOHN A. DIX** and **THURLOW WEED** also draw pensions for services in the war of 1812. General **SCHUYLER HAMILTON**, grandson of **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**, receives a pension for a wound received in the Mexican war when serving on General **SCOTT**'s staff, having been run through the body by a Mexican lancer. His skull was fractured while serving in the Engineer Corps in Virginia under General **POPE**.

—Sir **DANIEL GOOCH**, the principal magnate of the Great Western Railway of England, is doing certain things which American railway men should examine into. Not satisfied with running one train from Paddington to Plymouth at the rate of sixty miles an hour, he is now arranging to run a train at seventy miles an hour, which is about double the speed of our express trains.

—Mr. **HENRY BERGH**, president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, prosecuted, during the past year, 810 cases of cruelty, ordered out of harness and sent to their stables or to the veterinary surgeons 1272 horses and mules, investigated over 1200 complaints, and broke up a couple of dozen contemplated chicken disputes and dog contentions.

—Mr. **GARDINER G. HUBBARD** recently read before a Social Science Convention in Boston a paper on the Newspaper Press, in which he makes the following remark: "It is very difficult to obtain reliable estimates of the circulation of newspapers. Two papers in the same city frequently claim the largest; some decline to give any information; others give the circulation for some days in the mouth when it is exceptionally large, and from twenty to twenty-five per cent. greater than the average for the same month. The paper of the largest circulation is not necessarily either the best, the most influential, or the most profitable. The Boston dailies have a circulation in proportion to population much larger than that of any other city excepting Springfield, Massachusetts; New York has the next largest."

—The oldest living graduate of Union College is **HENRY EDSON**, of Troy, New York, who was graduated in the class of 1809.

—The boy Guicowar of Baroda, who has been playing at royalty with the Prince of Wales, is a monarch some twelve years of age, whose career is a romance. Only a few months ago he was a poor boy in an obscure village, of a family who were occasionally pinched for the necessaries of life. Suddenly there came for him a grand transformation scene. Through careful genealogical inquiries he was discovered to be collaterally the nearest heir to the disgraced and deposed Guicowar. He was taken from his village with all honor, adopted by the Ranee, and placed with elaborate ceremonial on the throne of Baroda; the nobles and state dignitaries owned the village boy as their master, and bowed down before him; the British Resident did him honor; the gold and silver guns of Baroda were his; the chains, collars, aigrettes, and aiguillettes of gems, fabulous in their value, were the indefeasible if incidental appanage of the youth before whom a month before there lay a future of sordid toil. No freak of fiction could be imagined stranger than the amazing revolution in this child's lot. And how does he comport himself under conditions which must be so bewilderingly novel to him? Is he shy, scared? Do the clods of his obscure village and the associations of his old life cling to and hamper him? On the contrary, it is as if for him a wet sponge had been passed over the past. The boy is as composed and even apathetic in his new position as if he had been born in the purple. He accepts homage with a languid placidity of condescension. He negligently patronizes government secretaries and self-important residents, apparently regarding all such persons as having been expressly created to contribute to his convenience. He has fallen naturally and with genuine gracefulness into a tone of perfect equality and frank, boyish cordiality, wonderfully well blended with dignity, in his intercourse with the Prince of Wales.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE principal matters of interest before Congress during the week were as follows: On the 24th ult. Mr. Morrison introduced a bill in the House preparatory to the redemption of United States notes and the resumption of specie payments. It directs the Secretary of the Treasury to retain coin in the Treasury until it shall amount to thirty per cent, of the outstanding legal-tender notes, and in the mean time to suspend the Resumption Bill until after January 1, 1879.—The Senate, on the 25th, passed the bill for a commission of inquiry concerning the traffic in alcoholic liquors, but limited the inquiry to the District of Columbia and the Territories. The House, on the same day, by a vote of 146 to 130, passed the Centennial Appropriation Bill, with an amendment requiring the payment in full to the Treasury of any balance that may be left in the hands of the Finance Committee, before any dividend or percentage of the profits shall be paid to stockholders.—The House, on the 26th, passed a bill repealing the act of last session by which postage on third-class matter was increased to one cent per ounce. The Pre-emption and Homestead Bill was passed by the Senate on the 27th.

The Hon. Henry H. Starkweather, member of Congress from Connecticut, died on the 28th ult., aged fifty years.

The Gray Nuns repeal bill passed the New York Senate on the 27th ult. It now goes to the Governor for his approval.

FOREIGN NEWS.

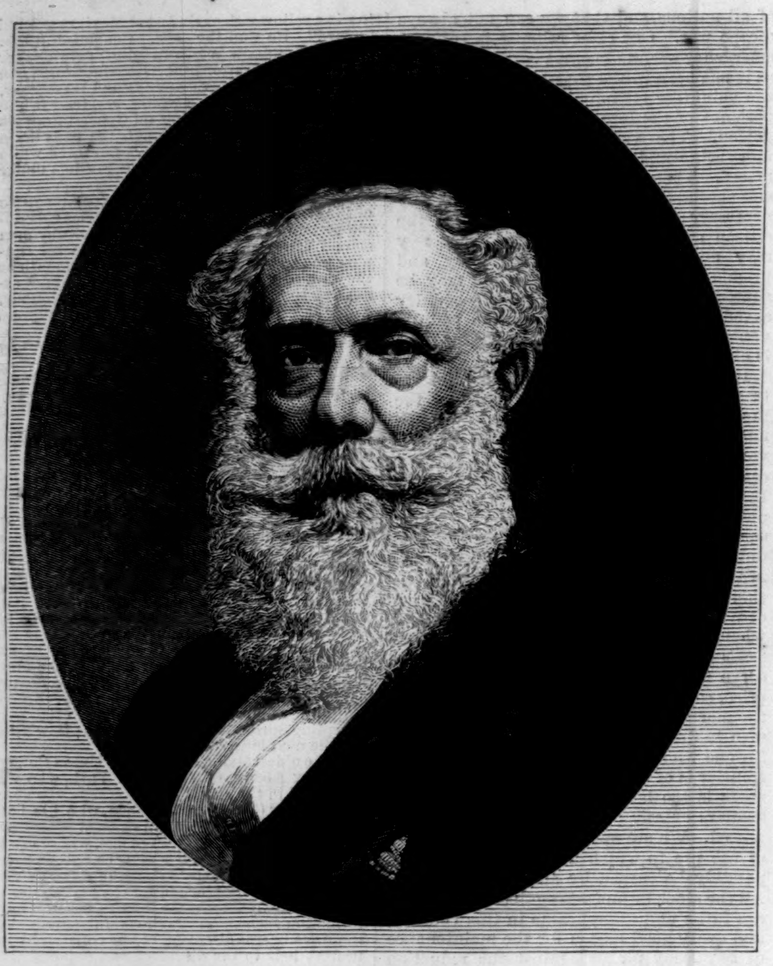
THE Spanish diplomatic representatives at the various courts have verbally informed the governments that after the defeat of the Carlists, which is expected in a short time, Spain hopes to be enabled to quell the insurrection in Cuba through increased re-enforcements.

Señor Castelar has been elected a Deputy to the Spanish Cortes from Barcelona. He is the only moderate republican out of 406 chosen. Thirty are supporters of Sagasta, ten clericals, one cantonalist, and 364 ministerialists.

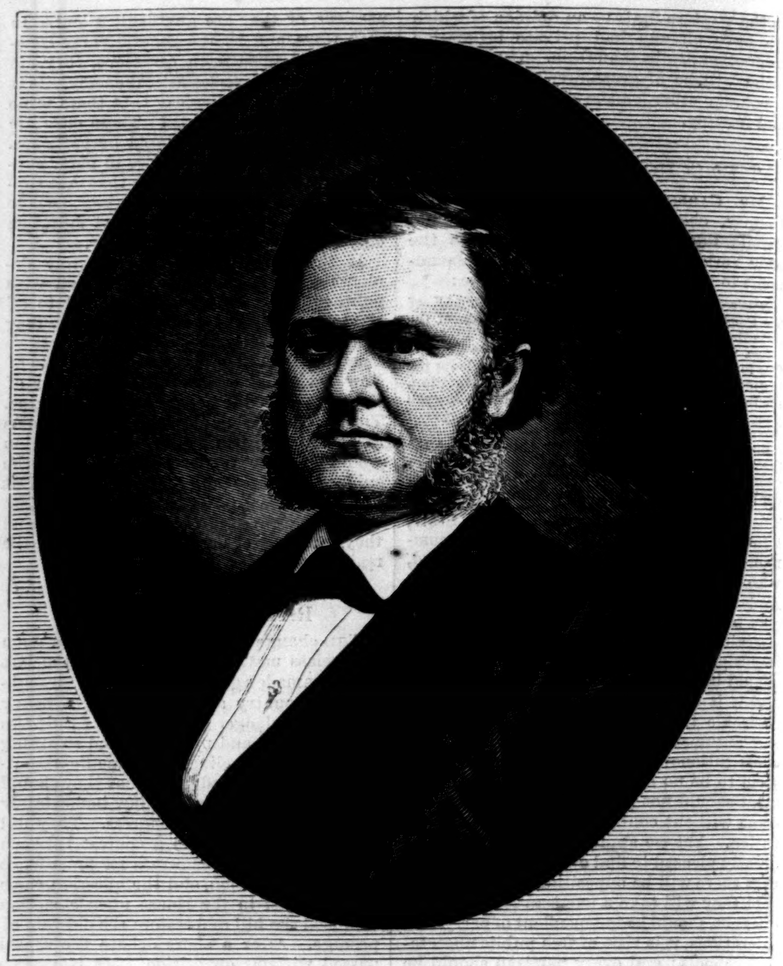
It is reported that a force of 3000 Turks has retaken the forts and intrenchments of Radovan, which were captured by the insurgents in the engagements from the 17th to the 19th ult.

A Berlin dispatch to the *Pall Mall Gazette* says the insurgent leaders in Herzegovina have issued a proclamation declaring that the Austrian programme is unacceptable, though supported by the powers, and calling upon the friends of liberty to answer it with a continuance of the war and by a stouter resistance.

A London telegram announces the death of Ferencz Deak, the Hungarian statesman. He was in his seventy-third year.



MR. WILLIAM WOOD, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK BOARD OF EDUCATION.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 126.]

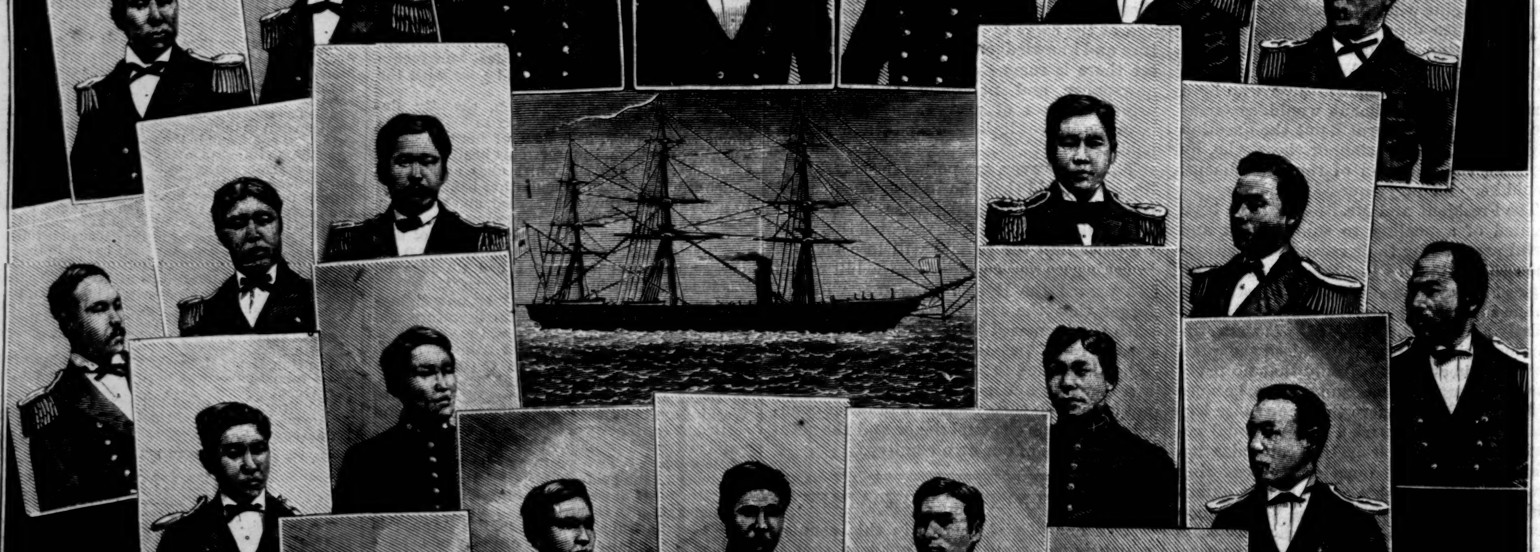


MR. M. HALL STANTON, PRESIDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA BOARD OF EDUCATION.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.—[SEE PAGE 127.]

THE "TSUKUBA."

JAPAN has made a wonderful advance in some of the arts of modern civilization since Commodore PERRY quietly forced his way, twenty years ago, into one of the harbors of that country, and induced the unwilling authorities to enter upon friendly intercourse with foreign lands. A striking example of this advance was given by the recent visit of the Japanese war corvette *Tsukuba* to the port of San Francisco. The *Tsukuba* is teak-built, carries twelve guns, and is used as a training ship for officers and men. The principal instructor is Mr. AUSTIN, a gunner in the English service, who has three years' leave of absence for this purpose. The Japanese have thirty-four of these instructors, from commander to seaman, in their service, all English. Mr. AUSTIN gives the Japanese great aptitude for learning and docility and bravery in action.

Just previous to the departure of the *Tsukuba* from San Francisco a lunch was given on board, to which a number of ladies and gentlemen of that city were invited. In reply to a toast to "the success of the Japanese nation and its progress in civilization," Captain ITO made the following neat response in his own language, which was translated by the Japanese consul: "I thank you on behalf of my nation for the sentiment conveyed in the toast. When Commodore PERRY came to Japan he knocked at the door of the nation, and no one answered; we were asleep, we could not see. He knocked again, and we awoke and let him in. When fully awake and we saw the light, we answered the summons and let him into our confidence. We have seen the light, and have followed it to the best of our ability. We hope to follow it yet further, as we see it is a good light. I wish you health and happiness." Japan has entered upon a new career, which gives high promise of prosperity. Her commerce is increasing, education is spreading among her people, and the old hostility to foreigners is giving way to peace and good feeling.



THE JAPANESE WAR CORVETTE "TSUKUBA," AND HER OFFICERS.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, SAN FRANCISCO.]

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF SKER," "LORNA DOONE," "ALICE LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A SPOTTED DOG.

WHEN at last the frost broke up, and streams began to run again, and every where the earth was glad that men should see her face once more; and forest trees and road-side pollards and bushes of the common hedge-row straightened their unburdened backs, and stood for spring to look at them, a beautiful young maiden came as far as she could come, and sighed, as if the beauty of the land awaking was a grief to her.

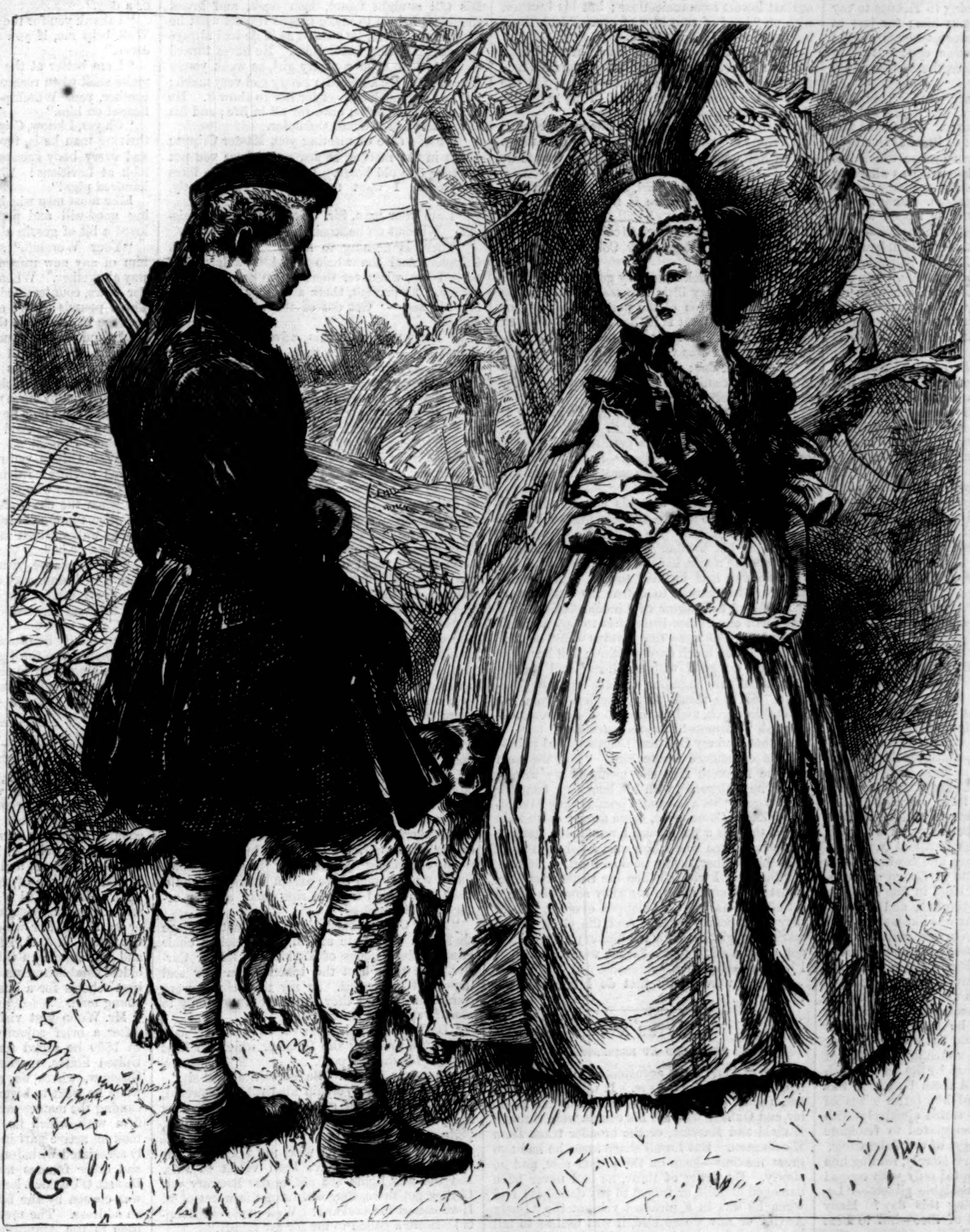
This pretty lady, in the young moss-bud and slender-necked chalice of innocence, was laden with dews of sorrow, such as nature, in her outer dealings with the more material world, defers until autumnal night and russet hours are waiting. Scarcely in full bloom of youth, but ripe for blush or dreaminess, she felt the power of early spring, and the budding hope around her.

"Am I to be a prisoner always—evermore a prisoner?" she said, as she touched a willow catkin, the earliest of all, the silver one. She stroked the delicate silken tassel, doubtful of its prudence yet; and she looked for leaves, but none there were, and nothing to hold commune.

The feeble sun seemed well content to have a mere glimpse of the earth again, and spread his glances diffidently, as if he expected shadow. Nevertheless, there he was at last; and the world received him tenderly.

"It has been such a long, long time. It seems to grow longer, as the days draw out, and nobody comes to talk to me. My place it is to obey, of course—but still—but still—there he is again!"

The girl drew back; for a fine young man, in a grand new velvet shooting coat, wearing also a long shawl waistcoat and good buckskin breeches, which (combined with calf-skin gaiters) set off his legs to the uttermost—in all this picturesque apparel, and swinging a gun right gallantly, there he was, and no mistake! He was quietly trying through the covert, without any beaters, but with a brace of clever spaniels, for woodcock, snipe, or rabbit perhaps; the season for game being over. A tall, well-made, and rather nice young man (so far as a bashful girl might guess), he seemed at this third view of him; and of course it would be an exceedingly rude and pointed thing to run away. Needless, also, and indeed absurd; because she was sure that when last they met, he was frightened much more than she was. It was nothing less than a duty now to find out whether he had recovered himself. If he had done so, it would be as well to frighten him even more this time. And if he had not, it would only be fair to see what could be done for him.



"SHE LET HIM LOOK AT HER FOR A MOMENT."

One of his dogs—a "cocking spannel," as the great Mr. Looker warranted—a good young bitch, with liver-colored spots, and drop ears torn by brambles, and eyes full of brownish-yellow light, ran up to the girl confidentially, and wagged a brief tail, and sniffed a little, and with sound discretion gazed. Each black nostril was like a mark of panting interrogation, and one ear was tucked up like a small tunnel, and the eye that belonged to it blinked with acumen.

"You pretty dear, come and let me pat you," the young lady cried, looking down at the dog, as if there were nobody else in the world. "Oh, I am so fond of dogs—what is your name? Come and tell me, darling."

"Her name is 'Grace,'" said the master, advancing in a bashful but not clumsy way. "The most beautiful name in the world, I think."

"Oh, do you think so, Mr.— But I beg your pardon, you have not told me what your own name is, I think."

"I hope you are quite well," he answered, turning his gun away carefully; "quite well this fine afternoon. How beautiful it is to see the sun, and all the things coming back again so!"

"Oh yes! and the lovely willow-trees! I never noticed them so before. I had no idea that they did all this." She was stroking the flossiness as she spoke.

"Neither had I," said the young man, trying to be most agreeable, and glancing shyly at the haze of silver in lily fingers glistening. "But do not you think that they do it because—because they can scarcely help themselves?"

"No! how can you be so stupid? Excuse me—I did not mean that, I am sure. But they do it because it is their nature, and they like to do it."

"You know them, no doubt; and you understand them, because you are like them."

He was frightened as soon as he had said this, which he thought (while he uttered it) rather good.

"I am really astonished," the fair maid said, with the gleam of a smile in her lively eyes, but her bright lips very steadfast, "to be compared to a willow-tree. I thought that a willow meant—but never mind, I am glad to be like a willow."

"Oh no! oh no! You are not one bit—I am sure you will never be like a willow. What could I have been thinking of?"

"No harm whatever, I am sure of that," she answered, with so sweet a look that he stopped from scraping the toe of his boot on a clump of moss, and in his heart was wholly taken up with her—"I am sure that you meant to be very polite."

"More than that—a great deal more than that—oh, ever so much more than that!"

She let him look at her for a moment, because he had something that he wanted to express. And she, from pure natural curiosity, would have been glad to know what it was. And so their eyes dwelt upon one another just long enough for each to be almost ashamed of leaving off; and in that short time they seemed to be pleased with one another's nature. The youth was the first to look away, because he feared that he might be rude; whereas a maiden can not be rude. With the speed of a glance she knew all that, and she blushed at the color these things were taking. "I am sure that I ought to go," she said.

"And so ought I, long and long ago. I am sure I can not tell why I stop. If you were to get into any trouble—"

"You are very kind. You need not be anxious. If you do not know why you stop, the sooner you run away at full speed, the better."

"Oh, I hope you won't say that," he replied, being gifted by nature with powers of courting which only wanted practice. "I really think that you scarcely ought to say so unkind a thing as that."

"Very well, then. May I say this, that you have important things to attend to, and that it looks—indeed it does—as if it was coming on to rain?"

"I assure you there is no fear of that; although if it did, there is plenty of shelter. But look at the sun—how it shines in your hair! Oh, why do you keep your hair so short? It looks as if it ought to be ten feet long."

"Well, suppose that it was—not quite ten feet, for that would be rather hard to manage—but say only half that length, and then for a very good reason was all cut off—but that is altogether another thing, and in no way can concern you. I give you a very good day, Sir."

"No! no! you will give me a very bad day if you hurry away so suddenly. I am anxious to know a great deal more about you. Why do you live in this lonely place, quite as if you were imprisoned here? And what makes you look so unhappy sometimes, although your nature is so bright? There! what a brute I am! I have made you cry. I ought to shoot myself."

"You must not talk of such wicked things. I am not crying; I am very happy—at least, I mean quite happy enough. Good-by! or I never shall bear you again."

As she turned away, without looking at him, he saw that her pure young breast was filled with a grief he must not intrude upon. And at the same moment he caught a glimpse through the trees of some one coming. So he lifted his smart Glengarry cap, and in sad perplexity strode away. But over his shoulder he softly said, "I shall come again—you must let me do that—I am sure that I can help you."

The young lady made no answer, but turned, as soon as she thought he was out of sight, and wistfully looked after him.

"Here comes that Miss Patch, of course," she said. "I wonder whether she has spied him out? Her eyes are always every where."

"Oh, my darling child," cried Miss Patch, an elderly lady of great dignity, "I had no idea you were gone so far! Come in, I beg of you, come this moment; what has excited you like this?"

"Nothing at all. At least, I mean, I am not in the least excited. Oh! look at the beautiful sunset!"

Miss Patch, with deep gravity, took out her spectacles, placed them on her fine Roman nose, and gazed eastward to watch the sunset.

"Oh dear no! not there," cried her charge, in a hurry; "here, it is all in this direction."

"I thought that I saw a spotted dog," the lady answered, still gazing steadily down the side of the forest by which the youth had made his exit; "a spotted dog, Grace, I am sure."

"Yes, I dare say. I believe that there is a dog with some spots in the neighborhood."

CHAPTER XVI.

A GRAND SMOCK-FROCK.

UPON the Saturday after this, being market-day at Oxford, Zachary Cripps was in and out with the places and the people, as busy as the best of them. The number of things that he had to do used to set his poor brain buzzing, until he went in to the Bar—not the grand one, but the Hostler's Bar, at the "Golden Cross"—and left dry froth at the bottom of a pewter quart measure of fine old ale. At this flitting trace of exhaustion he always gazed for a moment as if he longed to behold just such another, and then, with a sigh of self-dedication to all the great duties before him, out he pulled his leather bag, and counted fourpence four times over (without any multiplication thereof, but a desire to have less subtraction), and then he generally shook his head, in penitence at his own love of good ale and the fugitive fate of the passion. The last step was to deposit his fourpence firmly upon the metal counter, challenging all the bad pence and half-pence pilloried there as a warning; and then with a glance at the bar-maid, Sally, to encourage her still to hope for him, away went Cripps to the duties of the day.

These always took him to the market first, a crowded and very narrow quarter then, where he always had a great host of commissions, at very small figures, to execute. His honesty was so broadly known that it was become quite an onerous gift, as happens in much higher grades of life. Folk, all along both his roads of travel, naturally took great advantage of it; being certain that he would spend their money quite as gingerly as his own, and charge them no more than he was compelled by honesty toward himself to charge.

Farmers, butchers, poulterers, hucksters, chandlers, and grocers—black, yellow, and green—all knew Zachary Cripps, and paid him the compliment of asking fifty per cent. above what they meant, or even hoped, to take. Of this the carrier was well aware, and upon the whole it pleased him. The triumph each time of rubbing down, by friction of tongue and chafe of spirit, eighteenpence into a shilling, although it might be but a matter of course, never lost any of its charms for him. His brisk eyes sparkled as he pulled off his hat, and made the most learned annotations there—if learning is (as generally happens) the knowledge of what nobody else can read.

But now, before he had filled the great leathern apron of his capacities—which being full, his hat had no room for any further entries—a thing came to pass which startled him—so far, at least, as the road and the world had left him the power of starting. He saw his own brother, Leviticus, standing in friendly talk with a rabbit-man; a man whose reputation was not at a hopeless distance beyond reproach; a man who had been three times in prison—whether he ought or ought not to have been, this is a difficult point to debate. His friends contended that he ought not —if so, he of course was wrong to go there. His enemies vowed that he ought to be there—if so, he could rightly be nowhere else. The man got the benefit of both opinions, in a powerfully negative condition of confidence on the part of the human brotherhood. But for all that, there were bigger rogues to be found in Oxford.

Cripps, however, as the head of the family, having seigneurial rights by birth—as well as, in his own opinion, force of superior intellect—saw, and at once discharged, his duty. No taint of poached rabbits must lie for a moment on the straightforward path of the Crippses. Zachary, therefore, held up one hand, as a warning to Tickuss to say no more until he could get at him; for just at this moment a dead lock arose, through a fight of four women about a rotten egg; but when that had lapsed into hysterics, the carrier struggled to his brother's elbow.

Leviticus Cripps was a large, ruddy man, half a head taller than the heir of the house, but not so well built for carrying boxes. His frame was at the broadest and thickest of itself at that very important part of the human system which has to do with aliment. But inasmuch as all parts do that, more or less directly, accuracy would specify (if allowable) his stomach. Here he was well developed, but narrowed or sloped toward less essential points; whereas the carrier was at his greatest across and around the shoulders. A keen physiologist would refer this palpable distinction to their respective occupations. The one fed pigs and fed upon them, and therefore required this local enlargement for sympathy and for assimilation. The other bore the burden of good things for the benefit of others, which is any thing but fattening.

Be that as it will, they differed thus; and they differed still more in countenance. Zachary had a bright open face, with a short nose of brave and comely cock, a mouth large, pleasant, and mild as a cow's, a strong square forehead, and blue eyes of great vivacity and some humor. He had true Cripps hair, like a hornbeam hedge in the month of January, and a thick curly beard of good hay-color, shaven into three scallops like a clover leaf. His manner of standing and speaking and looking was sturdy and plain and resolute; and he stuck out his elbows and set his knuckles on his hips whenever both hands were empty.

On the contrary, Tickuss, his brother, looked at every one, and at all times, rather as if he were being suspected. Wrongly suspected, of course, and puzzled to tell at all why it should be so; and, as a general rule, a little surly at such injustice. The expression of his face was heavy, slow-witted, and shyly inquisitive; his hair was black, and his eyes of a muddy brown, with small slippery pupils; and he kept his legs in a fidgety state, as if prone to be wanted for running away. In stature, however, and weight this man was certainly above the average; and he would rather do a good than a bad thing, whenever the motives were equivalent.

But if his soul could not always walk in spotless raiment, his body at least was clad in the garb of innocence. No man in Oxford market wore a smock that could be compared with his. For on such great occasions Leviticus came in a noble shepherd's smock, long, and flowing around him well, a triumph of mind in design and construction, and a marvel of hand in fine stitching and plaiting, goffering, crimping, and ironing. The broad turned-over collar was like a snow-drift tattooed by fairies; the sleeves were gathered in as religiously as a bishop's gossamer; and the front was foursquare with cunning work; a span was the length, and a span the breadth, like the breastplate over the ephod. As for Tickuss himself, he cared no more than the wool of a pig for such trifles; beyond this, that he liked to have his neighbors looking up to, and the women looking after him. Even in the new unsullied sanctity of this chasuble, he would grasp by the tail an Irish pig, if sore occasion befell them both. It was Mrs. Leviticus who adorned him (after a sea of soap-suds and many irons tested ejectively) with this magnificent vesture, suggested to feminine capacity, perhaps, in the days of the Tabernacle.

"Leviticus," said Zachary, sternly, leading him down a wet red alley, peopled only with cooped chicks, and paved with unsalable giblets—"Leviticus, what be thou doing this day? Many queer things have I seed of thee—but to beat this here—never nothing!"

"I dunno what dost mean," Tickuss answered, unsteadily.

"Now I call that a lie," said the carrier, firmly but mildly, as if well used thereto, as a dog is to fleas in the summer-time.

"A' might be, and yet again a' might not," Tickuss replied, with keen sense of logic, but none of impeached ethics.

"Do 'ee know, or do 'ee not," the ruthless carrier pressed him, "that there hosebird have a-been in jail?"

"Now I do believe—let me call to mind," said Tickuss, with his duller eyes at bay—"that I did hear summat as come nigh that. But, Lord bless you! the best of men goes to jail sometimes. Do you call to mind old Squire Dempster—"

"Naught to do wi' it! naught to do wi' it!" Zachary cried, with a crack of his thumb. "That were an old gentleman's misfortune; the same as Saint Paul and Saint Peter did once. But that hosebird I see you talking along of have been in jail three times—three times I tell 'ee—and no miracle. And if ever I sees you dealing with him—" He closed his sentence emphatically by shaking his fist in the immediate neighborhood of his brother's retiring nose.

"Well! well! no need to take on so, Zac," cried the bigger man at safe distance; "you might bear in mind that I has my troubles, and no covered cart at the tail of me. And a family, Zac, as wears out more boots than a tan-yard a week could make good to 'em. But there, I never finds any body gifted with no consideration. Why, if I was to talk till to-morrow night—"

"If you was to talk to next Leap-year's Day, you could not fetch right out of wrong, Tickuss. And you know pretty well what I be. Now what was you doing of with that black George? Mind, no lies won't go down with me."

"Best way go and get him to tell 'ee," the younger brother answered, sulkily. "It will do 'ee good like to get it out of he."

"No harm to try," answered Cripps, with alacrity; "no fear for me to be seen along of 'un; only for the likes of you, Tickuss."

The carrier set off to stake his higher repute against lowest communications; but his brother, with no "heed of smock or of crock," took three long strides and stopped him.

"Hearken me, hearken me, Zac!" he cried, with a start at a cock that crowed at him, and his face like the wattles of Chanticleer—"Zac, for the sake of the Lord in heaven and of my seven little ones, stop a bit!"

"I bain't in no hurry that I know on," replied the Cripps of pure conscience; "you told me to ask of him, and I were a-gooin' on the way to do so."

"Come out into the Turl, Zac; come out into the Turl a minute; there is nobody there now. They young College boys be all at their lessons or hunting. There is no place to come near the Turl for a talk, when they noisy College chaps are gone."

By a narrow back lane they got into the Turl, at that time of day little harassed by any, unless it were the children of the porter of Lincoln or Exeter. "Now what is it thou hast got to say?" asked Zachary. But this was the very thing the younger brother was vainly seeking for.

"Nort, nort, Zac; nort of any 'count," he stammered, after casting in his slow imagination for a good, fat, well-seasoned lie.

"Now spake out the truth, man, whatever it be," said the carrier, trying to encourage him. "Tickuss, thou art always getting into scrapes by manes of crooked dealing. But I'll not turn my back on thee, if for once canst spake the truth like a man, brother."

Leviticus struggled with his nature, while his little eyes rolled slowly and his plaited breastplate rose and fell. He stole some irresolute glances at his brother's clear, straightforward face; and he might have saved himself by doing what he was half inclined to do. But circumstances aided nature to defeat his better star. The wife of the porter of Lincoln College had sent forth one of her little girls to buy a bunch of turnips. She knew that turnips would be very scarce after so much hard weather; but her stew would be no good without them; and among many other fine emotions, anxiety was now foremost. So she thrust forth her head from the venerable porch, and at the top of her voice exclaimed, "Turmots! turmots! turmots!"

At that loud cry Leviticus Cripps turned pale—for his conscience smote him. "She meaneth me, she meaneth me; she meaneth my turmot field," he whispered, with his long legs bent for departure; "'tis a thousand pounds they have offered, Zac. Come away, come away; down Ship Street there is a pump, and I want some water."

"But tell me what thou wast a-going to say," cried his brother, laying hold of him.

"Dash it! I will tell thee the truth, then, Zac. I just went and cut up a maisly sow—as fine a bit of pork as you ever clapped eyes on, but for they little beauty spots. And the clerk of the market bought some for his dinner; and he have got a bad cook, a cantankerous woman, and now I be in a pretty mess."

"Not a word of all that do I believe," said Cripps.

CHAPTER XVII.

INSTALLED AT BRASENOSE.

Master Cripps was accustomed mainly to daylight roads and open ways. It was true that he had a good many corners to turn between Beckley and Oxford, whether his course were through Elsfield and Marston, or the broader track from Headington. But for all sharp turns he had two great maxims—keep on the proper side, and go slowly. By virtue of these, he had never been damaged himself, or forced to pay damages; and when he was in a pleasant vein, at the "Dusty Anvil," or any where else, it was useless to tell him that any mischance need happen to a man who heeded this—that is to say, if he drove a good horse, and saw to the shoeing of the nag himself. Of course there was also the will of the Lord. But that was quite sure to go right, if you watched it.

If he has any good substance in him, a man who spends most of his daylight time in the company of an honest horse is sure to improve so much that none of his bad companions know him —supposing that he ever had any. The simplicity and the good-will of the horse, his faith in mankind, and his earnest desire to earn his oats, and have plenty of them; also the knowledge that his time is short, and his longest-worn shoes will outlast him; and that when he is dead, quite another must be bought, which will cost twice as much as he did—these things (if any sense can be made of them) operate on the human mind, in a measure, for the most part, favorable.

Allowance, therefore, must be made for Master Leviticus Cripps and his character, as often as it is borne in mind that he from society of good horses was (by mere mischance of birth) fetched down to communion with low hogs. Not that hogs are in any way low, from a properly elevated gazing point; and taking, perhaps, the loftiest of human considerations, they are, as yet, fondly believed to be much better on a dish than horses.

But that—as Cripps would plainly put it—is neither here nor there just now; and it is ever so much better to let a man make his own excuses, which he can generally do pretty well.

"Cripps, well met!" cried Russel Overshute, seizing him by the apron, as Zachary stood at the corner of Ship Street, to shake his head after his brother, who had made off down the corn market; "you are the very man I want to see!"

"Lor' a' mercy now, be I, your Worship? Well, there are not many gentlemen as it does me more good to look at."

Without any flattery he might say that. It was good, after dealing with a crooked man, to set eyes upon young Overshute. In his face there was no possibility of lie, hidden thought, or subterfuge. Whatever he meant was there expressed in quick bold features and frank bright eyes. His tall straight figure, firm neck, and broad shoulders helped to make people respect what he meant; moreover, he walked as if he had always something in view before him. He never turned round to look after a pretty girl, as weak young fellows do. He admired a pretty girl very much; but had too much respect for her to show it. He had made his choice, once for all in life; and his choice was sweet Grace Oglander.

"I made sure of meeting you, Master Cripps; if not in the market, at any rate where you put up your fine old horse. I like a man who likes his horse. I want to speak to you quietly, Cripps."

"I am your man, Sir. Goo where you plaiseth. Without no beckoning, I be after you."

"There is nothing to make any fuss about, Cripps. And the whole world is welcome to what I say, whenever there is no one else concerned. At present, there are other people concerned; and— Get out of the way, you jackanapes!"

In symmetry with his advanced ideas he should not have spoken thus—but he spake it; and the eavesdropper touched his hat, and made off very hastily.

Russel was not at all certain of having quite acted up to his better lights, and longed to square up all the wrong with a shilling; but, with higher philosophy, suppressed that foolish yearning. "Now, Cripps, just follow me," he said.

The carrier grumbled to himself a little, because of all his parcels, and the change he was to call for somewhere, and a woman who could not make up her mind about a bullock's liver—not to think of more important things in every other direction—no one thought nothing of the value of his time; every bit the same as if he was a lean old horse turned out to grass! In spite of all that, Master Cripps did his best to keep time with the long legs before him. Thus was he led through well-known ways to the modest gate of Brasenose, which, being passed, he went up a staircase near the unpretentious hall of that very good society. "Why am I here?" thought Cripps, but, with his usual resignation, added, "I have a-seed finer places nor this." This, in the range of his great experience, doubtless was an established truth. But even his view of the breadth of the world received a little twist of wonder when, over a narrow dark doorway, which Mr. Overshute passed in silence, he read—for read he could—these words, "Rev. Thomas Hardenow." "May I be danged," said Cripps, "if I ever come across such a queer thing as this here be!"

However, he quelled his emotions, and followed the lengthy-striding Overshute into a long low room containing uncommonly little furniture. There was no one there except Overshute and a scout, who flitted away in ripe haste, with an order upon the buttery.

"Now, Cripps, didst thou ever taste college ale?" Mr. Overshute asked, as he took a chair like the dead bones of Ezekiel. "Master Carrier, here thou hast the tokens of a new and important movement. In my time chairs were comfortable. But they make them now only to mortify the flesh."

"Did your Worship mean me to sit down?" asked Cripps, touching the forelock which he kept combed for that purpose.

"Certainly, Cripps. Be not critical, but sit."

"I thank your Worship kindly," he answered, with little cause for gratitude. "I have a-druv many thousand mile on a seat no worse nor this, perhaps."

"Your reservation is wise, my friend. Your driving board must have been velvet to this. But the new lights are not in our Brewery yet. If they get there, they will have the worst of it. Here comes the tankard! Well done, old Hooper! Score a gallon to me for my family."

"With pleasure, Sir," answered Hooper, truly, while he set on the table a tray filled with solid luncheon. "Ah, I see you remember the good old times, when there was those in this college, Sir, that never thought twice about keeping down the flesh; and better flesh, Sir, they had, ever so much, than these as are always a-doctoring of it. Ah, when I comes to recall to my mind what my father said to me, when fust he led me in under King Solomon's nose—'Bob, my boy,' he says to me—"

"Now, Hooper, I know that his advice was good. The fruit thereof is in yourself. You shall tell me all about it the very next time I come to see you."

"Ah, they never cares now to hearken," said Hooper to himself, as, with the resignation of an ancient scout, he coughed and bowed and stroked the cloth, and contemplated Cripps with mild surprise, and then made a quiet exit. As for listening at the door, a good scout scorns such benefit. He likes to help himself to something more solid than the words behind him.

"If I may make so bold," said the carrier, after waiting as long as he could, with Overshute clearly forgetting him; "what was it your Worship was going to tell me? Time is going by, Sir, and our horse will miss his feeding."

"Attend to your own, Cripps; attend to your own. I beg your pardon for not helping you. But that you can do for yourself, I dare say. I am trying to think out something. I used to be quick; I am very slow now."

Cripps made a little face at this, to show that the ways of his betters had good right to be beyond him; and then he stood upon his sturdy bowed legs, and turned a quick corner of his eye at the door, in fear of any fasting influence, and seeing nothing of the kind, with pleasure laid hold of a large knife and fork.

"Lay about you, Cripps, my friend; lay about you to your utmost." So said Mr. Overshute, himself refusing every thing.

"Railly now, I dunno, your Worship, how to get on, all a-ating by myself. Some folk can, and some breaks down at it. I must have somebody to ate with me—so be it was only now a babby or a dog."

"I thank you for the frank comparison, Cripps. Well, help me, if you must—ah, I see you can carve."

"I am better at the raw mate, Sir; but I can make shift when roasted. Butcher Number's my brother, your Worship—but perhaps you never heered on him."

"Oh yes, I know, Cripps. A highly respectable, thriving man he is, too. All your family thrive, and every body speaks so well of them. Why, look at Leviticus! They tell me he has three hundred pigs!"

Like most men who have the great gift of gaining good-will and popularity, Russel Overshute loved a bit of gossip about his neighbors.

"Your Worship," said Cripps, disappointing him of any new information, "pigs is out of my way altogether. When I was a young man of tender years, counteracted I was for to carry a pig. Three pounds twelve shillings and fourpence he cost me in less than three-quarters of a mile of road; and squeak, squeak, all the way, as if I was a-killing of him, and not he me. Seemeth he smelled some apples somewhere, and he went through a chaney clock, and a violin, and a set of first-born babby linen for Squire Corser's daughter; grown up now he is; your Worship must a' met him riding. And that was not the worst of it nother—"

"Well, Cripps, you must tell me another time. It was terribly hard upon you. But, my friend, the gentleman who lives here will be back for his hat when the clock strikes two. Cap and gown off when the clock strikes two. From two until five he walks fifteen miles, whatever the state of the weather is."

"Lord bless me, your Worship, I could not travel that with an empty cart, and all down hill!"

"Never mind, Cripps. Will you try to listen, and offer no observation?"

"To say nort, does your Worship mean? Well, all our family be estamed for that."

"Then prove the justice of that esteem; for I have a long story to tell you, Cripps, and no long time to do it in."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. WILLIAM WOOD.

Mr. William Wood, President of the New York Board of Education, whose portrait is given on page 124, is a Scotsman by birth, though thoroughly Americanized by long residence in this country. He was born in the city of Glasgow on the 21st of October, 1808. His father was an eminent merchant and banker of that city, and he is allied to some of the noblest families of Scotland. He received a liberal education at school and college in Glasgow, and graduated with honor in 1827, after which he entered the mercantile house J. & A. Dennistoun, his grandfather and granduncle on the mother's side, one of the oldest establishments in Glasgow, and one of the best schools for a business education open to a young man.

Mr. Wood first visited this country in 1828. After a brief sojourn he returned to Glasgow. In 1830 he sailed for the second time for the United States, married, and again returned to Glasgow, where he remained until May, 1832, when he went to Liverpool for the purpose of assuming the management of a branch house of the firm with which he was connected. There he took an active part in politics, and was intimately associated with John Bright, Richard Cobden, and other famous men of that period. When Daniel O'Connell landed in Liverpool, Mr. Wood was chosen by the Liberals to present him with an address. The meeting was held for this purpose in the Amphitheatre, and the address was delivered in the presence of an immense audience.

In 1844 Mr. Wood came to this country again, in order to open the house of Dennistoun, Wood, & Co., in this city, of which he remained a partner until the 31st of December, 1860. The retirement which he had earned by a business life of upward of thirty years was disturbed in 1863 by the formation of the British and American Bank. He assumed the management of that concern, and retained it until 1869, when it was given up, and thereupon he finally retired from business. In May of the same year Mr. Wood was appointed one of the Commissioners of Public Instruction, and a year afterward he accepted a position on the Dock Commission. He was also a member of the commission for widening Broadway. Mr. Wood retained his seat in the Board of Education until the 4th of April, 1873, and in that of Docks until the 20th of May, in the same year, when he and his colleagues were legislated out of office. Declining a re-appointment to the Board of Education, Mr. Wood remained in retirement until last spring, when he was appointed to fill the vacancy in that Board occasioned by the death of Mr. Farr. He was elected President of the Board on the 12th of January, 1876.

Mr. Wood is admirably adapted to the position he has been chosen to fill, through his varied, liberal education, his large experience as a business man, and his advanced views of the importance of a thorough system of popular instruction. He advocated and secured an increase in the salaries of female teachers in the grammar and primary schools, and although in favor of retrenchment in municipal expenditures, he was one of the most outspoken opponents of the proposed reduction in the pay of public-school teachers, which he declared to be the worst kind of economy which could be practiced. Mr. Wood was also very active in the organization of the Normal College.

Mr. Wood was for fourteen years an elder of the Collegiate Dutch Church, from 1860 to 1872, when he declined a re-election, and from 1874 to 1876. He is an active member of the St. Andrew's Society of New York, and filled the president's chair in 1865 and 1866. In public and private life he has won the esteem of all who know him, and his long and honorable career furnishes a bright example to young men.

MR. M. HALL STANTON.

The Hon. M. Hall Stanton, President of the Board of Public Education of Philadelphia, and delegate to the recent convention called to revise and amend the organic law of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, is one of the most generally known as well as one of the most influential citizens of Philadelphia. He was born in Caroline County, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, on February 28, 1832, his paternal ancestors having been for many generations residents of that section of the country. His father was a member of the Society of Friends, and his mother, who is still a resident of Kent County, retains a long-standing membership in the Methodist Church. Under the judicious guidance of his parents, he received a thorough education, which was acquired with great rapidity and rendered practical through the agency of native talent and earnest application. His successful mercantile and financial career, however, while it has been in a large degree moulded by the training he received in early life, is, perhaps, more directly due to the application of inherited business qualifications of an unusually high order than to any other source. Going to Philadelphia in 1847, he soon obtained a situation, gaining in a comparatively short time the confidence of his employers and a reputation as a rapid and expert salesman. He continued in this line of business until the breaking out of the late civil war, when the firm with which he had been connected dissolved. In 1863 he entered into copartnership with Mr. William Anspach, a gentleman prominently associated with the mercantile interests of Philadelphia, for the purpose of conducting a general banking and brokerage business, in which he has achieved an honorable success.

To the general public Mr. Stanton is better known through his association and connection with civil offices of importance. His political affiliations were originally with the Whigs, with whom he was closely allied until the organization of the Republican party, with which he identified himself. He very soon became, and still is, one of its most active and influential members. His identification with the public schools, through which he has secured his greatest political distinction, dates from 1865, when he was elected a director of the Twelfth Sectional School Board. By virtue of an act of the Legislature, passed in 1867, the school law was so far amended as to vest in the judges of the District and Common Pleas courts of the city the authority of appointing the members of the Board of School Controllers, with whom resided the executive management of public instruction in Philadelphia. Mr. Stanton became the appointee of Judge Brewster, and through successive appointments he has represented the Twelfth Ward in that body, which is now entitled the Board of Public Education, without interruption up to the present time. During the last six years he has filled the position of President of the Board, to which he has been consecutively elected, upon the reorganization of the body in January of each year, without opposition; and in this office, so full of responsibility to one who conscientiously endeavors to serve the school interests to his fullest ability, he has distinguished himself for his liberal and progressive ideas, and for his sustained efforts to make the system of public instruction in Philadelphia one of the greatest possible utility. He was a strong advocate for the establishment and gradual increase of the night schools, that now offer to 30,000 artisans of both sexes the opportunities for education of which they were deprived in early life.

Mr. Stanton, whose portrait is given on page 124, was one of the earliest advocates of compulsory education, and has a thorough belief in its need as well as of its practicability. The high standing and efficiency of the public schools of Philadelphia are largely due to his energetic and wise administration.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The second annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of Wisconsin for 1875 has just been published. It opens with the mention of some interesting facts in connection with the fisheries of Lake Michigan, and suggests the appointment of Dr. Hay, one of the Commissioners, to prosecute similar inquiries on a large scale during the present year. The fisheries of the lakes, in the opinion of the Commissioners, have fallen off in 1875 by at least one-fourth; and if this rate be continued but a few years, this great interest of Wisconsin will become practically exhausted. They therefore urge strongly the necessity of immediate action in regard to measures for the protection of the various species of fishes of the State for a few years, and the importance of efforts to multiply them and add new ones on the largest possible scale.

The Commissioners, owing to the scanty funds at their disposal, have been unable to accomplish much in the way of the active prosecution of their duties beyond the laying of foundations for future judicious work. One of their enterprises was the collecting of the eggs of the Mackinaw trout, of which it was found impossible to secure ripe spawn in any considerable quantity. Some eggs of the white-fish, however, were taken, as well as of the lake herring, which were hatched out at a temporary hatching house improvised by the Commissioners at Pensauken, on Green Bay.

At the Detroit meeting of the American Association a permanent section of anthropology was organized, to go into effect at the Buffalo meeting in August, 1876. Mr. L. H. Morgan, of Rochester, was made chairman, and a committee was appointed to invite all interested in the various departments, so as to give proper attention to this matter. A circular has just been issued by the committee calling the attention of the public to the fact, and urging a very full attendance. These are invited, individually, to attend in person, for the purpose of making communications, and also to bring with them such specimens as they consider noteworthy, for the accommodation of which a temporary museum will be provided, similar to the arrangement made by the British Association.

Among the recent deaths abroad of scientific men, we may mention that of Dr. William Boeck, of Christiania, which took place on the 10th of December. This gentleman is well known from the important contributions to the history of elephantiasis and similar diseases, having published several magnificent works on such subjects. He was also an ardent advocate of the theory of the virtue of inoculation as a preventive of syphilis. Dr. Boeck visited the United States a few years ago, where he made many friends, and the announcement of his death will undoubtedly call forth sincere regrets from those who had formed his acquaintance.

The name of Dr. William Boeck should not be confounded with that of Dr. Axel Boeck, his nephew, an eminent marine zoologist, who died in 1874.

General Myer, Chief Signal Officer of the Army, has received a special letter of distinction from the International Congress of Geographical Science, held in Paris in the summer of 1875, in recognition of its appreciation of his service in promoting the progress of meteorological science, and the benefit to humanity from the labors of the Signal Service Office.

In further continuation of his experimental trials of this substance, Dr. C. Neubauer affirms that salicylic acid will be of great value in the preservation of wines, but that it is adapted rather to prevent than to correct or cure morbid changes that have taken place therein.

Messieurs Nezereaux and Garlandal have lately devised a process of cooling and at the same time purifying the air introduced into dwellings for the purposes of ventilation. It consists of a fan caused to revolve rapidly, by means of which the air is forced into a closed box, and made to pass through a horizontal diaphragm with holes, over which a very thin layer of water is continually flowing. The air, as it passes through this thin film of water from below, is deprived of its organic particles, which remain in solution in the water, which is continually dripping down into the lower chamber and drawn off, the air itself passing up and out through a pipe in any desired direction.

The Geographical Society of Paris has elected as foreign corresponding members General A. A. Humphreys, Chief of the Bureau of Engineers, and Dr. F. V. Hayden, in recognition of the services these gentlemen have rendered to geographical science.

Since the demise of the Cincinnati *Quarterly Journal of Science*, the *Scientific Monthly*, published at Toledo by E. H. Fitch, appears to stand at the head of the scientific publications of that section. The second number, that for November, has lately appeared, containing several articles upon the natural history of the West, among the more interesting of which may be mentioned those upon rock inscriptions in Lorain County, and the comparison between the Indian and the mound-builder, by Professor Charles Whittlesey.

The example set by Professor Agassiz in the establishment of a Summer School of Natural History in 1873 bids fair to be followed year by year on a continuously increasing scale. In 1875 we chronicled the opening of some half dozen, and have already referred to the School for Physical Culture by Dr. Rothrock, in the mountains of Pennsylvania. We now have the programme of a Summer School of Geology at Cornell University, under the direction of Professor Theodore Comstock, who had charge of the Kirtland School of Natural History last summer. It is proposed to charge a fee of $30, and to keep the number of students within manageable limits.

Dr. E. Tietze, after a two years' residence in Persia, has returned to Vienna with valuable collections made in the course of his geological researches, particularly in Mount Elburz, and eastward as far as Asterabad and Sharood. He visited, besides, the environs of Asabeidshan, Ispahan, Chamjar, and the province of Foristan, as also the salt desert southeast of Teheran.

The monthly report of the weather for December, 1875, published by the Signal-office, contains some interesting facts in regard to that extraordinary period, and from this we learn that the chief peculiarities were, first, the high barometric pressure, with infrequent and feeble storms in the United States; second, the high temperature, the average of the month being, in the Ohio Valley and Northwest, ten degrees above the normal. In the Southwest and Mississippi Valley, and westward to the Pacific, the month was one of the warmest, if not the warmest, on record; third, the large excess of rain-fall in Oregon; and fourth, an almost total absence of auroras.

The largest ranges of temperature were at Madison Barracks, New York, 99°; Malone, 94°; Mount Washington, 80°; Oswego, 79°; St. Louis and Yankton, 77°. The smallest range was, as usual, on the Pacific coast, being 26° at San Francisco. The largest number of foggy days in the month (ten or eleven) was at Washington, New York, and Philadelphia.

The prevailing direction of the winds was southerly in the Gulf States; southwest in the South Atlantic States, the Ohio Valley, and Lower Lake region; northwest in the Northwest and Upper Lake region; northwest to northeast in the Middle and Eastern States.

Among miscellaneous phenomena recorded are dandelions in bloom on the 23d at Brownsville, Pennsylvania; orange-trees budding at New Orleans on the 1st; peach-trees in blossom on the 25th in New Orleans; peach and cherry buds swelling at Litchfield, Michigan, on the 31st; roses in bloom on the 31st at Green Springs, Arkansas. Wild-geese were observed going north at Carthagena, Ohio, in the beginning of the month on four successive days, and on the 27th at Hennepin, Illinois; frogs were heard at Decatur on the 31st.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

Sunday,	13.—Septuagesima.
Sunday,	20.—Sexagesima.
Thursday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday,	27.—Quinquagesima.

MARCH.

Wednesday	1.—Ash-Wednesday.
Sunday,	5.—First Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	12.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	19.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Saturday,	25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday,	26.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

Mr. Moody has set at rest the question whether his labors and those of his associate are pecuniarily profitable to them. At one of his closing meetings in Philadelphia he made this statement: "Last night I heard it said that we received one cent from every photograph of us that is sold in the streets. I would gladly pay one cent for every one rather than have them sold. I have refused to have a photograph taken for eight years, and I do not know whether these pictures look more like you than me. We receive a royalty upon the hymn-books, but not a dollar comes into our hands. It goes to a committee composed of George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, William E. Dodge, of New York, and others. We intend to give a thousand dollars toward the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association. We don't want your money; we want your souls. We shall not take a farthing from the committee; our services have been gratuitous."

The Young Men's Christian Association of New York has had a prosperous year. At the annual meeting, held January 24, the treasurer reported that the receipts for 1875 were $26,958, and the disbursements $26,786. Classes were maintained during the year in German, French, Spanish, book-keeping, and vocal music, with a larger attendance than was ever known before. From October 1 to October 20, 635 students were enrolled. The average attendance at Dr. Thompson's Bible class was 1064; at the service of song, 414; at the Sunday prayer-meetings, 125; at the lectures, 1185; and at the monthly receptions, 1250. An appeal was made for the clearing off of the mortgage debt on the Association building, which amounts to $150,000.

Upon the invitation of the St. Louis Evangelical Alliance, Messrs. Whittle and Bliss began a series of meetings in that city January 25. The Rink, on the corner of Nineteenth and Pine streets, has been placed at their disposal for evening services; during the day the churches will be used. The arrangements are in charge of two laymen from each church of the city. The Rev. A. B. Earle, the evangelist, who was lately at Troy, New York, is holding union meetings in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He has preached in the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches.

Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's political secretary, has been reported to be ill, but is now recovering. The Pope is in enfeebled health, although he continues to receive visitors as usual.

The resolutions of the Baptist ministers of New York and its vicinity, reported last week in this Intelligence, were debated with great animation at the meeting held on Monday, January 24. As many as one hundred persons were said to be present. Drs. Jeffrey and Armitage discussed the points at issue very fully. The former said that the question was a practical one: "It was whether a person who was not a Baptist should be allowed to join in the communion service if he chose to exercise the privilege." He was in favor of conceding such liberty. Dr. Armitage maintained that "the question was one of right; that a man might be a devout believer, but that if he had not been immersed in water, he lacked one of the qualifications for the Lord's table." The resolution was amended by making it read, "This Conference disavows communion at the table by any of its members," etc., instead of "discards communion," etc. As thus amended, it was adopted by a vote of 44 yeas to 9 nays. The Rev. Dr. Behrends, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Cleveland, Ohio, has resigned his office and withdrawn from the Baptist denomination. The reason assigned by him for this step is that he has changed his views in relation to the question of close communion.

The Methodist Episcopal Church Extension Board has published its report of receipts and disbursements for 1875. The total receipts were $152,271, of which $68,252 were from collections made in the churches. The disbursements have been $4016 less than the receipts. In the disbursements were included donations to churches amounting to $54,720. Two hundred and nineteen churches have been aided by donations alone, thirty-four by loans, and thirty-seven by donations and loans, making a total of 290 churches aided. These are scattered throughout thirty-eight States and Territories. The average amount of donations to churches during the year 1875 was $313 each; average amount of loans, $381 each.

Revival services are reported all over the country. All the Protestant churches in Wilmington, Delaware, are having numerous accessions. Father Taylor's Bethel, in Boston, is the scene of unusual religious interest. Union meetings, which have been attended with much success, have been held in Athens, Georgia, since November last. The labors of the Rev. A. B. Earle, in Troy, New York, have been followed up by the resident pastors, with the result of numerous additions to their churches.

In the notice of the munificent bequest of $100,000 for the advancement of Unitarian Christianity, in the Intelligence of January 29, the name of the donor failed to appear. The paragraph should read, "By the will of the late Mr. Winn, of Woburn, Massachusetts, $100,000 were left," etc.

Among the evangelists now active throughout the United States, several women are quite conspicuous. Miss Smiley, the Quakeress, is greatly interesting the people of Cleveland; Mrs. Van Cott is now in Newark; and Mrs. Lowry, formerly an actress, is preaching in Brooklyn. At the recent meeting of the Congregational Association of Elgin, Illinois, an application for license to preach was made by Miss E. E. Newman. The association was for a time evenly divided on the question of granting the application, but finally adopted the following:

> "Without in any way indorsing the idea of women becoming pastors in the usual sense of that term, yet, from what we know of Miss Newman's qualifications, we do, as an association, commend her to those desiring such help as she can give, and, in Paul's words concerning Phebe of Cenchrea, commend Miss E. E. Newman, as a servant of the Church, to the confidence of the churches as one fitted to preach Christ."

The American Presbyterians are preparing to take an active part in the session of the Alliance, which will begin in the city of Edinburgh on July 4. This will be the first meeting; the Alliance will assemble thereafter triennially. On Tuesday, January 18, a meeting of the committee which represents the American Presbyterian churches was held in Dr. Crosby's church. A committee of twelve was appointed to select the persons to be invited to deliver addresses at Edinburgh, and also a committee on finance. The programme of topics prepared by the Scotch committee was approved. The following is the outline:

> "1. Presbyterianism—its Scriptural Authority and Principles; History, Statistics, and present Condition of the Presbyterian Churches; Harmony of their Confessions, etc.
>
> "2. Presbyterian Officers, Organization, and Machinery; the Home Work of the Church.
>
> "3. Foreign Missions.
>
> "4. Spiritual Life (including the Family, the Sabbath, Instruction of the Young, Revival, etc.).
>
> "5. Antagonistic Forces; Skepticism and Popery; Intemperance and other Social Evils.
>
> "6. Educational and Literary Appliances; Training of the Ministry, etc.; Theological and Popular Literature; Use of the Press."

The *Evangelist* reports that there is every likelihood of a very influential delegation going to Edinburgh next July from this country.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An English traveler arrived at one of those comfortable inns in the north of Scotland, and told the landlord he felt unwell, at which the latter expressed his regret. "What medical officer," said he, "have you here?" "Medical officer, did ye say, Sir?" "I wish to see a physician." "Whaten kind o' man is he?" "Confound it! I want some medicine." "Weel, Sir, we've only twa medicines in this pairt o' the country—tar for the outside o' the sheep, and whisky for the inside o' oursels."

A school inspector visiting a school said, "Now, children, who loves all men?" The question was hardly put before a little girl, not four years old, answered, "All women."

Mrs. Partington, when she heard the minister say there would be a nave in the new church, observed that she knew well who the party was.

"'Tis false," as the girl said when her lover told her she had beautiful hair.

When may a man's pocket be empty and yet have something in it?—When it has a hole in it.

At a public meeting in a country town an eloquent advocate of popular education thus delivered himself: "Mr. President, I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the cause of education; for had it not been for education, I should be as ignorant as you are, Mr. President."

"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the bait.

"Too big for his business," as the lady said to the sweep who stuck in the chimney.

"Pray, Sir, of what profession are you?" said a learned counsel to a witness who had come prepared to prove a fact, and who was not deemed a very respectable gentleman. "Sir, I am a shoe-maker and wine-merchant." "A what, Sir?" said the learned counsel. "A wine-merchant and shoe-maker." "Then," said the counsel, "I may describe you as a sherry cobbler."

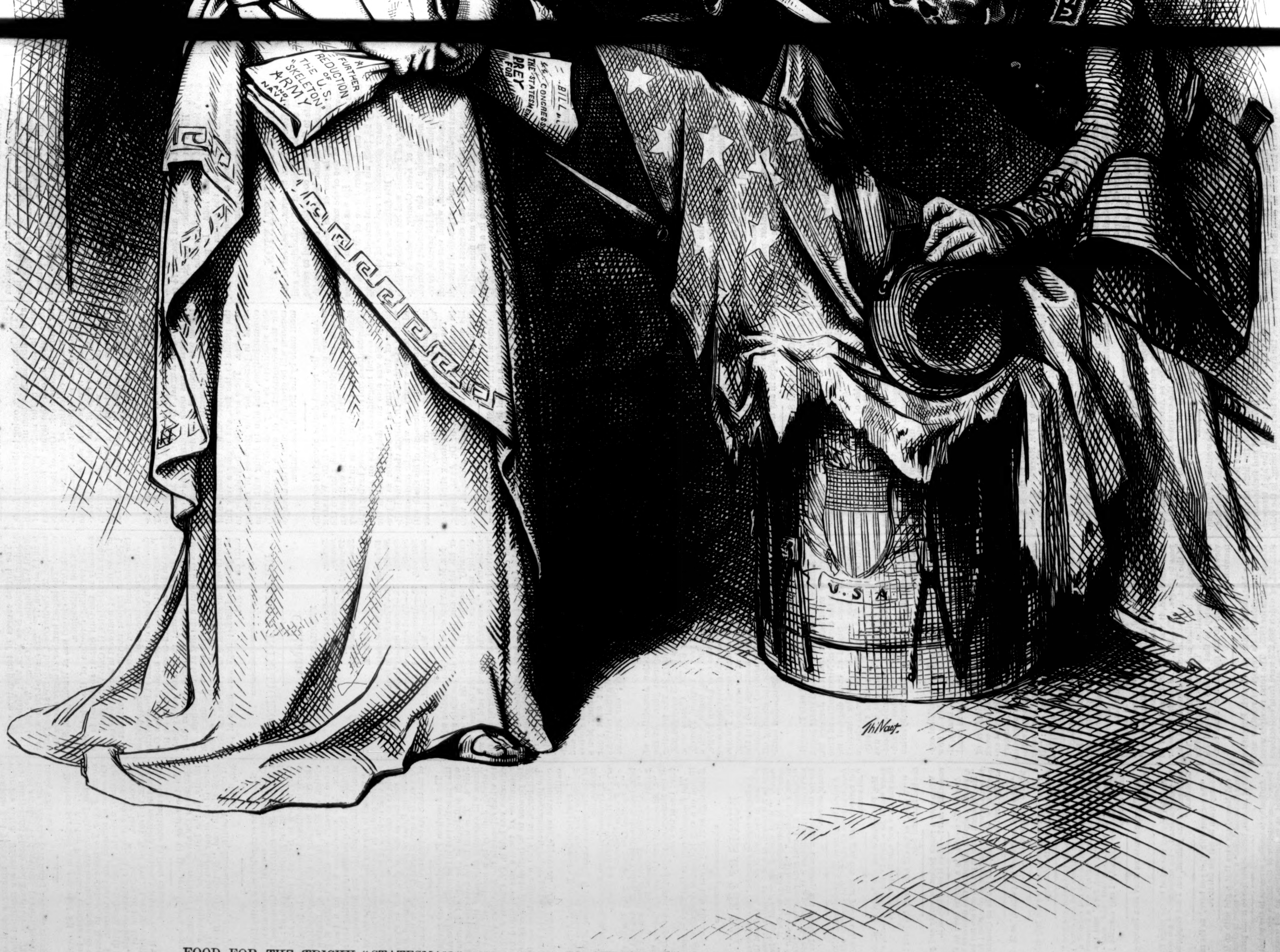
The Paper containing many fine Points—A paper of pins.

An Irish counsel was asked by the judge for whom he was concerned. He answered, "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

"Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap when he left his tail in it.

Old Moneybags says that a girl with an income of three thousand dollars a year or more is always an object of interest, because she has so much principal.

Antipathy to reading sermons in the pulpit is a well-known characteristic of the Scotch people. At Kirkcudbright, at an inauguration, an old woman on the pulpit stairs asked one of her companions if the new minister was a reader. "An' how can he read, woman?" was the reply; "the puir man's blin'." "I'm glad to hear it," said the first speaker; "I wish they were a' blin'."


FURTHER
REDUCTION
OF
THE U.S.
"SKELETON"
ARMY
AND
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U.S.A.
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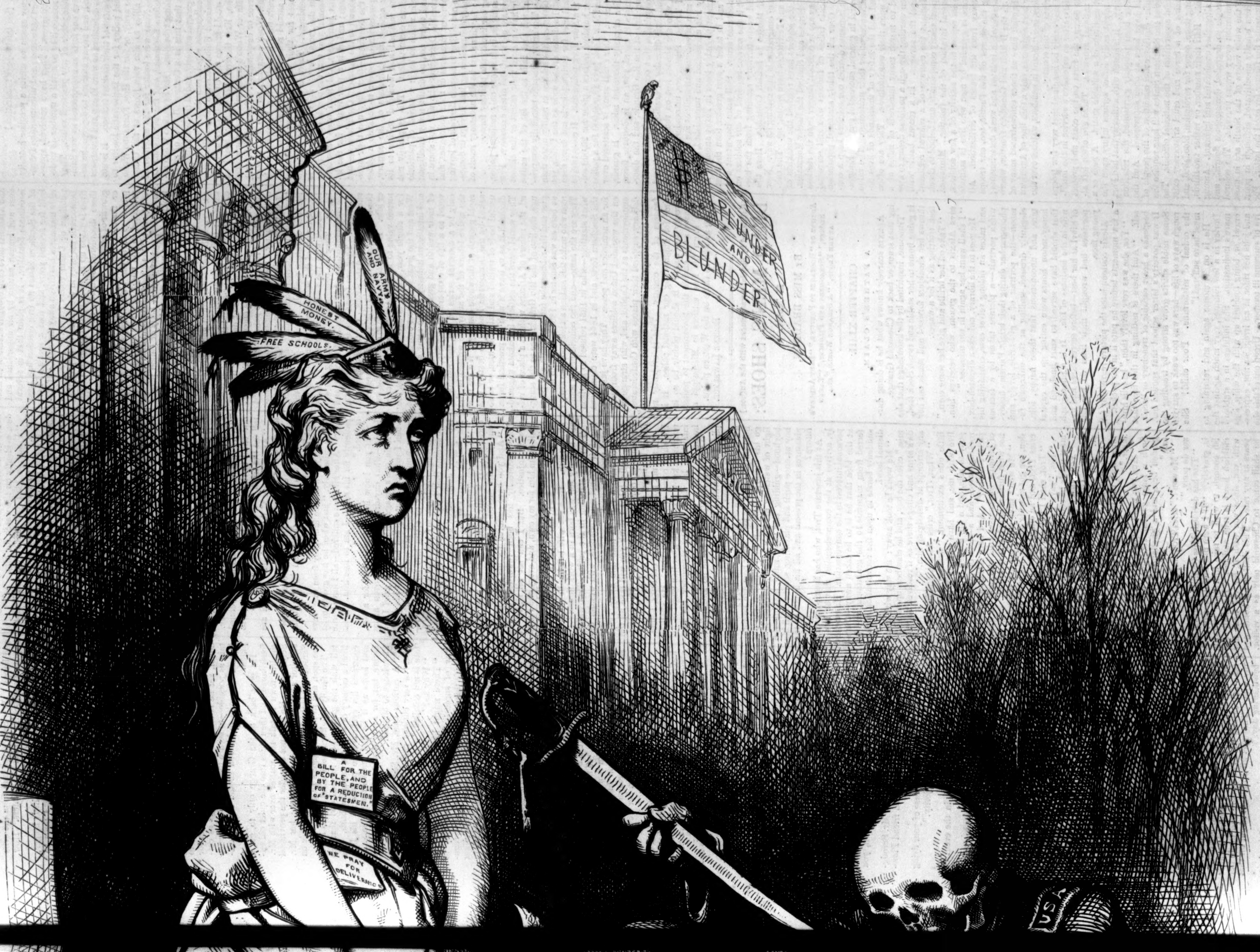
FOOD FOR THE TRICKY "STATESMAN," AND DEATH TO OUR HONORABLE ARMY.—[See Article, "Our National Police," Page 130.]

"THE *LINE* IS BEING SO REDUCED THAT WE CAN NO LONGER *FIGHT IT OUT*."


OUR ARMY AND NAVY
HONEST MONEY.
FREE SCHOOLS.
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PLUNDER AND BLUNDER
A BILL FOR THE PEOPLE, AND BY THE PEOPLE FOR A REDUCTION OF STATESMEN.
WE PRAY FOR DELIVERANCE
USA

OUR NATIONAL POLICE.

[See Double-page Illustration.]

The army seems to excite a peculiar hostility among the Confederate and ultramontane Democrats in Congress. They have resolved, apparently, to reduce it to so small a number as to deprive it altogether of any practical value. They would leave our forts as unprotected as was Sumter in 1861, and are as anxious to deprive the nation of its defenders as were Floyd and Thompson in the moment of their darkest treason. It is not an unusual policy for the Democratic leaders to assail the army, or for the Hon. Fernando Wood and his allies to aim vain blows at the Union soldiers. None were louder for the sacrifice of Grant before Richmond, and for submission to the perishing rebellion. Mr. Fernando Wood assures us that this is a Centennial year of good-will and general amnesty, and at the same time he and his colleagues expel from their poor employment "maimed Union veterans" about the Capitol, and would starve the Union officers and soldiers who, like General Doubleday, heard at Sumter Mayor Wood's treasonable proclamations with horror or despondency. From the oblivion which Mr. Wood asks for, no one would reap more profit than himself. But he and his colleagues should remember that there can be no forgiveness for their errors without restitution and amendment. There is no statute of limitations in the moral law. It is because this is the Centennial year that the people demand from politicians patriotism, and from open offenders repentance; and it is a poor return for the leniency shown to the Southern Confederates—not to say the Northern—that they use their accidental possession of power to indicate a bitter hostility against the defenders of the country, from the maimed and wounded soldier to its most active commanders. This is plainly not the way in which to begin a period of patriotic unity, and there are, no doubt, many intelligent and honorable Democrats who will not share in the imprudent measures of their colleagues, and who are not willing to assume the risk of leaving the country defenseless against foreign or domestic foes; for this must be the necessary result of reducing our inadequate military force.

The army is, in fact, our only national police. Its labors are constant, and often excessive. Few probably have noticed their extent or the almost incessant toil that falls to the lot of the active soldier. The army, although nominally comprising 25,000 men, has seldom in reality more than 20,000. Its duties are as wide as the Union, yet its annual cost for each soldier is not more than is paid to a New York policeman. It costs twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a piece for 20,000 soldiers, and New York pays $3,000,000 for a police of 2500 men. Our small army is scattered over a frontier of many thousand miles. It guards, or attempts to guard, with an inadequate force, the long line of the Rio Grande, and the disorderly population that occupy both banks of the river find little difficulty in evading the scattered troops, who are almost lost on the wide border line of Texas. Smugglers, marauders, and desperate men of various nationalities are often necessarily left unchecked and unpunished, and the government probably loses in Texas annually in duties and in taxes a sum greater than the cost of a moderate army. Still more important and difficult is the service required of our soldiers on the wild waste territory reaching from the borders of Mexico to British Columbia. Here the course of emigration is just making its way. New States and Territories have sprung up. The cabins of the settlers have reached the outskirts of the wilderness and climbed the Rocky Mountains. But they are in constant danger from the restless and fickle tribes of Indians who still surround them. Over all the thinly scattered population of this immense district our soldiers keep a constant and in general successful guard. Emigration advances under their protection. The value of land and the safety of thousands of lives depend upon their watchfulness. They are often forced to march many hundreds of miles at a sudden warning through a pathless desert to awe or repel the savages. In a recent battle with the Indians the courage of a colored regiment was particularly conspicuous, and helped to check a general invasion of the frontier. Minnesota owes its repose to the activity of a few soldiers. Arizona is guarded by men who live in solitude far away from the traces of civilization. All along the shores of the Pacific, too, our troops are scattered in isolated and weak detachments; and on the British and Canadian frontier, where the English have at times concentrated many of their best regiments, only a thin line of American soldiers, insignificant in numbers, watches over the interests of the country.

It may easily be imagined that very few troops are left, after so extensive a service in the interior, to occupy the forts on the coast and protect the national armories. These are often left almost destitute of a suitable guard. A mob or a riot might easily inflict serious injury upon the country. It is stated with authority that had Fort Sumter been properly garrisoned, the rebellion could have been at once suppressed. And the peculiar character and condition of the people of most of the Southern States will long require the careful supervision of the national officials. The remains of a fierce and cruel aristocracy exist among them, eager for revolution, bloodshed, and crime. Half their number, or rather two-thirds, are altogether uneducated and ignorant. Among a people so degraded, demagogues flourish, and intimidation every where prevails. The colored and the white voters of the South are in most districts equally uncultivated, although in point of humanity the former far excel the latter. For three or four years past the Southern States have become infamous for hideous massacres of inoffensive negroes. The rage of the whites is inexcusable, their barbarity almost beyond belief. Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Kentucky, Georgia, and Alabama have each brought shame upon freedom and human nature by an unpunished and inordinate brutality. It is plain that in several of the Southern States no free election has been held for several years, and that a series of horrible massacres has driven away thousands of Republican or Union voters from the polls. The Democratic majority in the House of Representatives is made up in great part of members from these disordered districts, and represents the growth of carnage, ignorance, and barbarity rather than of freedom. Scarcely would it seem proper to leave the United States property unprotected in the midst of these incessant mobs and riots, of this uneducated population ready for revolution, and of a great body of Union people looking to the nation for aid. But for the garrisons at the South, already far too weak for their arduous duties, it is difficult to say how far the violent members of its fallen aristocracy might go. Their hatred for freedom and knowledge is natural; their hands are steeped in cruelty. Only education can soften or amend them.

In addition to the duties of defense of life and property, our small army is engaged in a remarkable series of labors for the general improvement of the country. Its skillful engineers are constantly employed in deepening rivers, improving harbors, opening internal communications, exploring the sites of future capitals. No one can read the recent report of the Secretary of War without being struck with the variety and extent of their labors. They are opening and enlarging the water communications of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan. They are found far away in Dakota, surveying its distant rivers. On the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts these skillful engineers are never idle. It is quite impossible to estimate the immense value to the country of their labors even for a single year, and it is safe to say that the West and the great Northwest owe to the courage and intelligent industry of the army a large part of their wealth and greatness. Poorly paid, devoted to a life of comparative poverty, rewarded only by a constant series of toil, the results of the active labors of the army are written in the rapid growth of the whole country. We are now asked by the Democratic leaders to destroy this useful body of trained and valuable men, or to so diminish it as to leave it with no practical force. They would leave the settlers in Dakota unguarded, the miners of Arizona without a place of refuge, the line of the Rio Grande free to the smuggler and the robber, the forts, arsenals, and ports as bare as was Sumter in 1861. But who are the men who make this sudden attack upon the army? They are the same—and the coincidence is somewhat startling—who in 1861 refused to garrison the Southern forts, and in 1864 were clamorous for an armistice and peace. They have just driven the wounded Union soldiers away from their employments at the Capitol, and, with strange indelicacy, supplied their places with Confederates. They have shown an intense hatred for the defenders of the country. This is evidently no time for diminishing our national police. It is already too small. It should plainly be so increased as to enable the government to protect from harm the free settlers in Mississippi or Texas, as well as those on the Western plains.

Eugene Lawrence.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A FATHER'S CLAIM.

Alexis scarcely knows what he is doing during that scamper back to Cheswold Grange.

Titmouse, inspirited by the knowledge that she is going home to her stable and two-o'clock feed, throws her shoulders forward and sends out her feet, trotting as if for a wager.

"Take off her bridle and give her some corn," says Alexis to the groom, who receives him. "I shall want her again in ten minutes."

He goes to the library, unlocks a dispatch-box, and takes an oblong velvet case, containing his wife's portrait—a picture taken by a famous photographer during their bright Parisian honey-moon—the portrait of a girl-bride, lovely, and elegantly dressed, smiling at the unknown future, and unconscious that these happy, idle, honey-moon hours were eating up the capital that should have served to start husband and wife in the business of life. It is a photograph of Sibyl at her best—before secret cares and hypocrisies had wrought their lines on her fair young face.

Alexis contemplates the picture regretfully for a few moments before he puts it in his pocket.

"Yes, she was very lovely then," he tells himself. "And there is nothing in this face that bespeaks a heart capable of treachery or deceit. It was poverty's bitter school that spoiled her. Some noble spirits grow strong by treading the rough ways of life—hers was too weak to survive the ordeal of misfortune. Poor child! She must have suffered!"

He is on Titmouse again and returning to Dorley in a few minutes, very much against the mare's inclination. She indulges in a stubborn crawl, or, being touched up with the whip, jogs and jolts her rider in an irregular trot, expressive of supreme ill temper. Urged out of this she sets off in a furious canter, as if to inform him that she has some "go" left in her yet, in spite of ill usage, and may contrive to pitch him over her head if he is too aggravating.

These devices finally bring him to Dorley, where he finds Linda and Trot in the front garden, evidently on the watch for him.

"I am so glad you have returned," cries Linda. "You have made me quite miserable."

"Forgive me, dear Miss Challice, but if you knew what hopes that one little word Redcastle has raised in my mind. See here"—he takes the case from his pocket and shows her Sibyl's photograph—"does that face remind you of any face you have ever seen before?"

"Yes," she answers, pale to the lips, but without an instant's hesitation, "it is the portrait of Trot's mother. She was not so beautiful as that. She was thin and worn and haggard, but I should recognize the eyes and mouth any where. It is she."

"This is the portrait of my wife, Linda; and Trot, the helpless baby you adopted in order to save him from the hazards of his mother's destruction or despair, is my son."

"You told me your son was dead."

"I was taught to believe so. My wife, for some mysterious reason, told me that cruel lie. She was ashamed, perhaps, of having abandoned our child to the care of another, and feared to tell me the truth."

"Are you sure?" falters Linda. "You are not deceiving yourself and me?"

"If you are sure that this picture is the portrait of Trot's mother, there can be no doubt that Trot is my son."

"And you will take him away from me," says Linda, piteously, "just when he has grown most dear. After all I have suffered—all I have borne patiently for his sake—I am to lose him. That is hard."

"If you knew how I have pined for a son, Linda—what day-dreams I have woven about my little one's image—how bitter a grief I felt when I was told that wicked lie about his death—you would understand my rapture at finding him, my eagerness to claim him for my own—my darling, my hope, my precious care, heir to the fortune that Providence has dropped into my lap—poorly deserved on my part, Heaven knows. He shall be worthy of it."

"Yes," murmurs Linda, faintly, "I can understand. It is only natural. He is your son: your rights are sacred."

"And you have suffered for his sake, Linda. Your generosity has been rewarded by the world's injustice. But I can set all right. I shall claim him for my own, and every one round and about Cheswold and Dorley shall know all his story. Yes, I will not blush to tell the whole bitter truth. How my wife left me in poverty, and how my son was born in a work-house."

They are standing in the parlor, Trot watching their excited countenances, with wonder depicted upon his own.

"You have a right to take him away," says Linda, sadly, "but I think you will take all the sunshine of our lives with him. My grandfather is almost as fond of him as I am."

"I am not going to dissever old links, Linda. He shall come often to see you. He shall be taught to know you as the guardian angel of his infancy; he shall always remember his first home."

"Yes, but it will be his home no longer," replies Linda, with a sigh.

Alexis is silent. He feels that he must seem a wretch, a destroyer, entering this happy household only to ruin its joy. But how can he forego his claim? How can he relinquish the delight of watching his son's infancy develop into boyhood—guiding the baby mind, making the boy at once pupil and plaything, source of all his pleasures in the present and all his hopes in the future?

At this juncture Trot, who has listened intently, arrives at the comprehension that he has a personal interest in the conversation. He catches at the idea that he is to be taken away—transferred from mammie to the genlamum, and he suddenly bursts in upon the conversation with a dismal howl.

"Me won't be took away; me stay with mammie," cries the boy, and he clambers up into Linda's arms and clings there as if resolved to resist any attempt at dislodging him.

"What, Trot," cries Alexis, smiling at the little one's excitement, "won't you come and live with me, and have a dear little Shetland pony to ride, and a big garden to play in, and a rocking-horse—and a—lots of plum-cakes and picture-books?" And here Alexis's knowledge of juvenile weaknesses fails him, and he knows not what further temptation to offer.

"Me won't have pony, me not want oor garden, me got nice big garden, me want mammie," cries Trot, and he clings still tighter to Linda.

"Trot, shall I tell you a secret?"

"Ess," says Trot, who thinks that a secret must needs be something worth hearing.

"You must come and live with me, Trot, my darling. God meant you and me to live together. I'm your father!"

"No, you not," screams the boy; "you genlamum with the broken arm. Me never have no fazer."

"And you won't come to live at the Grange? Such a large garden, six times as big as the garden here, and a Shetland pony with a long tail."

"Me won't!" cries Trot, emphatically. "Bozzer de pony."

"Trot has decided, Miss Challice," says Alexis, gravely. "If I were ungrateful enough, selfish enough, to wish to take him from you, his childish heart is true and fast. He shall stay with you, since you wish it, for the next few years at any rate. This shall be his home, and he shall come to Cheswold only as a visitor. You will let me have him sometimes."

"Let you have him! Oh, Mr. Secretan, are you not too generous in consenting to leave him with me?"

"I should be an ungrateful hound if I could refuse. You have made my son's infancy bright and happy. You have saved him from the evils of poverty—from his mother's selfishness. How can I be grateful enough to you?"

"Only let me keep my darling a little longer, and I am more than recompensed. I must be proud and happy too, when I have recovered a little from this surprise, to know that he is your son—that his future will be bright and prosperous—his worldly position honorable—to think that my little waif and stray should be the future Squire of Cheswold. My grandfather will be so pleased. It is a triumph for me over him, dear old man, for he said that I was very foolish to adopt a nameless beggar child—and now my dearest has name and fortune, home and father."

"We will make a good man of him between us, Miss Challice," says Alexis, more elated by this discovery than he was by the inheritance of Miss Secretan's estate. He has no doubt as to Trot's identity—there seems to him no room for doubt, yet he is anxious to make things as certain as possible—to secure independent evidence in case his claim to his son should ever be disputed.

He goes back to the Grange only to get a fresh horse, and then rides into the quiet old cathedral town to talk the matter over with Mr. Scrodgers. He does not consider the provincial solicitor a Mansfield or a Cockburn; but Mr. Scrodgers's is the best legal intellect available on the spot, and to Mr. Scrodgers he goes.

The family solicitor listens to all Alexis has to tell with the gravity of a learned owl that has lived a century or so in the same ivy bush. He contracts his eyebrows, he purses up his lips, and looks as if he had known the whole story before, but, for some wise reason, had kept his knowledge to himself.

"A curious case, Mr. Secretan," he says at last, "a very curious case. It's lucky your estate is not entailed."

"Why so?"

"There might have been difficulties in the way of succession. It might not be easy to identify this infant—born in such a very irregular manner—as your son and heir. There might be suspicions. The heir at law might file a bill in Chancery. I should consider it a very hazardous business were your estates entailed; but you, as an independent man, fettered by no entail, may leave your real property to Tom, Dick, or Harry. I should recommend you to take this infant into your house at once, let him bear your name, let him be recognized by all your acquaintances as your son."

"Yes, I shall take care of that. I shall tell every body. But there is a difficulty about bringing him into my house. The lady who brought him up—who rescued him from I know not what misery—has a claim upon his affections, the strongest, and as strong a claim on my gratitude. To take him away from her would be almost to break her heart."

"Almost, but not quite. There's a long distance between the two adverbs," replies the cynical Scrodgers. "Most women have their hearts almost broken once in their lives. Give her a new bonnet."

"You do not know the lady, Sir. She is not a woman to be solaced by a bonnet."

"Hasn't she a head?" asks Mr. Scrodgers. "I never knew a woman, with a head, that a bonnet wouldn't pacify. Half the cases at the assizes, in which the female is a plaintiff, might be settled out of court if the defendant knew when and how to offer the solatium of a bonnet."

"I see, Mr. Scrodgers, you are a bachelor and a misogynist," says Alexis, smilingly.

"No, Sir," replies the lawyer; "I am a misogynist and a married man."

"The first thing I have to do is to alter my will," says Alexis, returning to the business question.

"Decidedly. If you are convinced that this infant—herein-before-named—is your son, you had better make a will in his favor."

"Prepare one as fast as you can, Mr. Scrodgers, leaving the bequest to my good friend Plowden just as it stands."

"You must have trustees in case of your dying before the child attains his majority."

"Make Plowden trustee."

"You should have a second, in the event of Mr. Plowden's death."

"How you lawyers remind us of our mortality. Well, make Miss Challice the second trustee, and guardian of the boy in case of my death. Nobody will ever love him better than she does."

"And in the event of her marriage—"

"Marriage would make no difference in her. She would always love my boy."

Mr. Scrodgers relieves his doubtful mind by a faint smile. His idea of marriage is that it makes a very great difference. To his legal mind marriage transforms a man. Even the will he made as a bachelor is no longer valid, proving that in the eye of the law the married man and the bachelor are two distinct personages.

"Then you would recommend me to get together all the evidence I can bearing upon my boy's birth?" says Alexis.

"I think it would be wise to do so. The facts of your parentage may never be disputed. You can dispose of the Cheswold estate as you choose, but still it might be well to have all necessary documents—an attested copy of your marriage certificate, and so on."

"Yes, I was a reckless fellow when I married. Heaven knows what became of the certificate. My wife may have kept it. Certainly I didn't take any care of it. The parson had made her my wife. That was all I thought about on that bewildering day."

"Then you had better get a copy of the register without delay."

"Yes, and I will go to the woman with whom my wife and I lodged. She will remember that my wife was expecting to become a mother when she left me. If that woman is to be found, I will get from her a written declaration of that fact."

"It would be as well to do so," says Mr. Scrodgers, approvingly; and Alexis leaves him to prepare the new will, which he is to bring to the Grange early next morning.

"Stay," says the lawyer on the threshold. "You haven't told me the infant's Christian name."

"He was christened William."

"No other name?"

"I believe not. But you can fill in the names to-morrow. I will ask that question in the mean time."

Alexis goes back to Cheswold pondering on the lawyer's advice about his son. Mr. Scrodgers has distinctly said that it is for the child's welfare, for the security of his future position, that he should be domiciled with his father; and Alexis longs to have the little one under the same roof with him, to see him daily, hourly, to watch over him sleeping and waking, to make him his plaything and companion. Against this natural desire there is the promise he has made to Linda Challice—the debt of gratitude he owes her. Hard to break that promise; hard to ignore that debt.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

A WEDDING EVE.

THE days pass with a frightful rapidity, as it seems to Sibyl, after that Tuesday night on which Joel Pilgrim came back from York with the marriage license.

Stephen Trenchard is ailing, and keeps his room for the greater part of the time, but Dr. Mitsand, a most careful man in all critical cases, comes to Lancaster Lodge only once a day, and there is no hint of danger. The doctor's manner has that pleasant vivacity which suits a trifling derangement of the patient's system. He sits by the bedside and discourses upon local topics—the water company, sewage, and other agreeable subjects. On Thursday morning Sibyl lies in wait for him on the landing opposite Mr. Trenchard's room.

"You do not think my uncle very ill, do you, Dr. Mitsand?" she asks, with evident anxiety, a solicitude which the kindly old doctor thinks highly creditable to her, and which he remembers afterward—to her disadvantage.

"Certainly not, my dear Miss Faunthorpe," he replies, cheerily; "there is a little prostration; our dear patient is very feeble, but that is only to be expected at his time of life; but there is a wonderful reserve of vigor about his constitution, exceptional recuperative power; he is all muscle and sinew—no superfluous flesh—and this, taken in conjunction with his temperate habits, would lead one to anticipate a long life. I fear his mind has been a little troubled lately. Very foolish. A man in his position should worry himself about nothing. But no doubt wealth has its responsibilities."

"Then there is no reason for alarm?"

"Not the slightest. If there were, I should call in my friend Dr. Wilmot, of Krampston, to have a consultation. Your uncle's is not a life to be trifled with," adds Dr. Mitsand, solemnly, as if the life of a millionaire were a much bigger thing in creation than the existences of the vulgar herd. "Pray don't be uneasy, my dear young lady. And, now I look at you, I fear you have been fretting. You are looking pale and fatigued. And this little hand"—as he shakes hands with her—"is very pale." He lays his finger on her wrist. "Good gracious, what a pulse! This won't do, my dear Miss Faunthorpe. Mental disturbance has been going on here. I'll send you a composing draught. You must keep yourself quiet for the next day or two, especially as you are so soon to start upon a long voyage. Your dear uncle has told me of the interesting event which is to take place next Saturday. Very sudden! On account of Mr. Pilgrim's recall to Calcutta—yes, yes, I understand, and a very quiet wedding, your uncle's health not allowing—of course, of course. I shall take the liberty to be present in the church, in order to have the pleasure of congratulating you. I used to think our young friend Stormont was to be the happy man; and then there was some talk of your becoming mistress of the How; but you have managed to deceive us all, you see."

"Yes," falters Sibyl, with a sickly smile.

"Don't forget to take the composing draught. Good-by."

Distinctly does Dr. Mitsand remember the anxious look she turns upon him as he leaves her.

"That's not a happy marriage," he tells his daughters at luncheon that day; "it's a case of hands, not hearts, my dears. All money, money, money! With these self-made men that question swallows up every other consideration."

It is long since Redcastle has had such a delightful subject for gossip as this suddenly arranged wedding. Mrs. Chasuble has made a round of morning calls in order to tell her dear friends the startling news, and the marriage has been discussed from every point of view, the general idea being that Mr. Trenchard is a tyrant, and Sibyl the victim of his mercenary views. Mrs. Stormont's particular idea—which she imparts in confidence to every body—is that Sibyl was devotedly attached to her dear Frederick, and that it is to prevent her eloping with Fred that Mr. Trenchard has hurried on her espousals with Joel Pilgrim.

Inexorable time, like death, advances with measured tread. It is Friday, the eve of that ill-omened bridal, and Sibyl sits alone in her pretty morning-room—the room in which Joel found her on his return from York. She has made all her arrangements for her journey, packed her trunks, and labeled them for the steamer *Ganges*. Her own firm hand had written those labels—Mrs. Pilgrim, passenger to Calcutta—Joel looking on all the time with that ugly smile of his. One small leather bag is unlabeled, and in that Sibyl has put her little stock of trinkets, a small supply of under-linen, and the marble-paper-covered book containing the diary she kept at Mrs. Hazleton's. She has kept no diary at Lancaster Lodge. She is alone now; exhausted by a long morning devoted to the task of packing. Marion has been with her, pretending to help, full of exclamations and congratulations, wonderment and curiosity.

"It doesn't seem so much of a match, after all," Marion has observed, candidly. "But I suppose this Mr. Pilgrim is awfully rich, and money is what you like, Sibyl. However, I must say if I had been you, I should have tried to lead Sir Wilford Candonnel on a little further. He did seem very much taken with you, and every one was surprised that it only ended in a flirtation. But men are such deceivers, as some one says in an old song—one foot on somewhere, and one on somewhere else, to one thing constant never."

Sibyl has contrived to get rid of Marion a little before dinner-time. She is to be at the wedding, and is to officiate as sole bride-maid; but there has not been time for her to get a new dress made, a fact which Marion does not omit to bewail with much lamentation.

"It's the worst apology for a wedding I ever heard of," she remarks; "but I suppose you'll recompense yourself for all this with balls and parties when you get to Calcutta."

"Yes," answers Sibyl, with a faint smile. "I shall enjoy myself immensely in Calcutta."

It is seven o'clock, a lovely summer evening, and Sibyl sits by the disordered table, scattered with books and papers. She is very pale, and there is a look of apathy in her face and attitude, as if she had abandoned all effort and surrendered herself to fate.

She is startled from this blank listlessness by the announcement of Sir Wilford Candonnel. No visit could surprise her more than this, at such a time.

"Sir Wilford told me to say that he wishes most particularly to see you alone, ma'am," says the servant; "he will not detain you long."

"You had better bring him up here. Mr. Pilgrim is in the drawing-room, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Not much to attract him now in this white, wretched face," thinks Sibyl, with a hurried look at the glass, which reflects the shadow of a vanished beauty.

Sir Wilford enters breathless, and evidently strongly agitated.

"My dear Miss Faunthorpe," he says, hurriedly, "I only came home from the north this afternoon, and heard of this intended marriage. I rode over at once. Can I be of any use? You honored me with your confidence, and I told you that if ever the hour should come when you would need a friend, you might command me. Let me be your friend to-day. Let me stand between you and the tyranny that is being practiced—let me save you from—"

"A crime? You are all that is good and generous, Sir Wilford; and if I needed help, I would ask for yours. But I need none."

"What do you mean? Your marriage is appointed for to-morrow morning. You, the wife of another man, are to be married to this Mr. Pilgrim."

"The marriage is appointed for to-morrow, but no such marriage will take place."

"How will you prevent it?"

"In a very simple manner. The bride will be missing."

"You are going away?"

"Yes. I am left with but one resource—flight. I shall be far away from Redcastle at eleven o'clock to-morrow."

"You are sure of being able to escape—sure that no coercion will be used?"

"I think not. I have acted my part carefully during the last few days, and Mr. Pilgrim believes that I am resigned to the inevitable. My trunks are all packed for India. I have labeled them with my own hands."

"And you have made every arrangement for going away?" asks Sir Wilford, anxiously. "You have friends to whom you can go?"

"Yes, I have made all arrangements. I have decided where to go," replies Sibyl, after a pause.

"Pray trust me," pleads Sir Wilford, earnestly. "Think of me no longer as your lover, but your friend only. You must need friendly counsel. Do not take any step unadvisedly. You have played a desperate game for your uncle's fortune, and, as it now turns out, a losing game. Would it not be wiser—better in every way, even at this last moment, to confess the truth to your uncle? He might forgive you. You might even retain your hold upon his affection."

"Impossible. You do not know my uncle Trenchard as I do. I thank you for your friendship, Sir Wilford, but this is a case in which advice is useless. There is but one course open to me. It is one that I ought to have taken long ago, perhaps—the only straight and womanly course. But I have stubbornly pursued my own plan, and the end is failure."

"If you would only confide in me—if you would only tell me where you are going—to whom?"

"I am going to my husband."

"Then I can say no more. I feel that you are taking the right course. If—if"—here Sir Wilford hesitates and blushes—"if you should be in want of ready money for your traveling expenses, or for any emergency which you may not now foresee—pray suffer me to be your banker. I cashed a check at the bank as I came up the town," taking out a well-filled pocket-book. "Let me lend you fifty or a hundred in small notes."

"You are too good!" exclaims Sibyl, touched by his thoughtfulness. "But I have money, and money's worth which will serve me abundantly. I promise that if ever I am in desperate need of help—in such need as my husband and I have known in the past—I will apply to you. I will not be too proud to be a petitioner."

"Thanks for that promise. And now good-by. I will not intrude upon you any longer; but if any thing should happen within the next few hours—if there should be any attempt at constraint on the part of your uncle or Mr. Pilgrim, send some messenger to me, and I will be at your side as soon as my horse can carry me; or I will stay in Redcastle to-night, if you like, at the Coach and Horses, so as to be nearer at hand in case I am wanted."

"Believe me there is no occasion. If the worst comes, I have but to declare my marriage."

"Then good-by. I will not wish that we may meet under happier circumstances, for it will be happier for me not to see you. But I do most heartily wish you every happiness Providence can bestow."

"I am not very hopeful," answers Sibyl, with a sigh. "I begin to think that I flung away my chance of happiness when I tried to win fortune."

And thus they part, Sir Wilford honestly anxious for the welfare of the woman he has loved, Sibyl touched by his devotion.

She goes down to the drawing-room presently, and finds Joel Pilgrim walking up and down in the twilight with by no means a radiant brow.

"You have had a visitor," he says, frowning upon her as she enters.

"Only Sir Wilford Candonnel, to offer me his congratulations," she answers, lightly.

"Only your former admirer," sneers Joel. "I should have hardly thought he would have considered your marriage a subject for his congratulations."

"He is more generous than you give him credit for being."

"So it seems. I don't, as a rule, credit my acquaintance with an unlimited amount of generosity."

They dine together *tête-à-tête*, and Sibyl seems at her brightest throughout the meal, which is conducted with the strictest ceremony, and lasts a long time. Gladly would she have escaped the weariness of Mr. Pilgrim's detested society for these last few hours, but she wishes to disarm suspicion by every means in her power, so as to leave herself free and unfettered at the last.

Her fascinations, which have stood her in such good stead with the rest of the world, seem to be wasted on Joel Pilgrim. He is gloomy and absent-minded all dinner-time, eats little, but drinks a good deal, and when Sibyl leaves him to return to the drawing-room, he does not follow her with lover-like haste, but sits brooding over his wine for half an hour, and then goes straight up stairs to Stephen Trenchard's room.

Mr. Trenchard is lying on the sofa, wrapped in his dressing-gown, with all the apparatus of invalidism around him, medicine bottles, hot-house grapes, soda-water on the table by his side, a fire burning on the hearth, though it is nearly midsummer, for ill health has made the Anglo-Indian inclined to chilliness and shiverings.

He looks up with a frown as Joel enters.

"I thought you were never coming near me any more," he says, fretfully.

"I have been devoting myself to my intended bride. Such affection as she lavishes upon me deserves some return."

"Spare that poor child your sneers. She is much too good for you. Have you succeeded?"

"Entirely. The bank consents to discount my bills for the required amount. I have told them that I am buying an estate in this neighborhood, and have to complete the purchase to-morrow."

"Have they sent you the money?" asks Mr. Trenchard, eagerly.

"No. But I shall have it to-morrow morning. I have telegraphed them that the purchase is to be completed to-morrow at eleven o'clock, and so it is, only it is another kind of purchase—the purchase of a lovely wife that is to be concluded at that hour. I shall have the money—ten notes for a thousand each—by the first post to-morrow morning."

"I'm glad of that."

"You are drawing the life-blood out of the concern, remember. There is very little hope of the business surviving such a withdrawal of capital."

"Then, my dear Joel, it must go. If it were a question of capital, you might have some occasion to look unhappy about it, but as I am only absorbing your superfluous credit—"

"Superfluous!" echoes Joel, derisively.

"Yes, my dear Joel, a man of your abilities should be able to extend his credit to an almost illimitable measure. The more he owes the more reason his creditors have for upholding his credit. Debt is the most solid foundation a commercial house can be planted upon, for its pillars are other people's pockets. You're sure the bank will send the money?"

"As sure as one can be of any thing in this world."

"Remember, no money, no marriage; and a telegram to my Calcutta lawyer to make short work of Pilgrim and Company."

"I understand. No quarter. Don't be uneasy. Your demands shall be met and fully satisfied."

* * * * * * *

It is midnight, and Lancaster Lodge is at rest. A light still burns, as it burns all night, indeed, in Mr. Trenchard's room, brighter than the ordinary lamps of a sick-chamber—a light by which the invalid can read if he pleases, for Mr. Trenchard's slumbers are often disturbed, and in every night he has some wakeful hours. Podmore, the butler, who sleeps in the room over his master's, comes down at stated intervals to give the invalid his medicine. A secondary door near the head of the bed in Mr. Trenchard's room opens on to a small landing at the foot of the stairs leading to the servants' quarters. By this servants' staircase Podmore descends and ascends; through this door, almost hidden by the ample draperies of the tall Arabian bed, he enters and departs, noiseless as a ghost in the silent watches of the night.

Mr. Trenchard has protested more than once that he is quite well enough to look after his own medicine, and wakeful enough to take it at the appointed hours; but Dr. Mitsand has laid a stress upon the matter, and has insisted upon Podmore being responsible for the regular administration of those gentle tonics, not strong enough to hurt a baby, and too mild to take effect upon the constitution of a healthy rabbit. Whereby Podmore's nights are made a burden to him from the necessity of arousing himself at certain intervals, and the ticking of his big silver watch under his pillow is as the stroke of doom.

Sibyl spends the quiet hour between midnight and one o'clock in writing to her uncle Stephen. That which she dares not tell him she finds courage to write, knowing that her letter can only reach his hands after she has left Redcastle in all probability forever. If he is desperately angry, as she believes he will be, she will not see his anger. If it is in his nature to forgive her, severance may help to soften his feelings and melt his heart. After all, it is just possible that the hold she has obtained upon his affections is too strong to be loosened, and that love may extinguish wrath. She would have been more ready to hope this before the coming of Joel Pilgrim, but she fancies that his presence under that roof has changed her uncle's feelings toward her; that as Joel's influence has increased, hers has grown less.

She tells Stephen Trenchard the true story of her marriage—tells how from utter destitution, with starvation staring her in the face, she fled to him for shelter and comfort. Of her hope of inheriting his fortune she says nothing, but her story in all other respects is fully and truthfully told.

"When I first came beneath your roof," she writes, "I hoped to be able some day to tell you of my marriage, to win your pity and regard for my husband; but when I discovered your rooted hatred of his name and race, when I found how deeply the old wound still rankled, I lost courage and kept my secret, at the hazard of seeming the worst of deceivers should you ever discover the truth.

"The hour has come when I can keep my secret no longer. I go out into the world to seek my husband, to share his home, however humble or however wretched. If you can bring yourself to forgive me, if you can believe that I have been grateful for all your goodness, as Heaven knows I have been, if you can take the more generous view of all past wrongs, and extend your kindness to the guiltless son of your enemy, it shall need but one word to bring me back to you.

"Your grateful and dutiful niece,
"SIBYL SECRETAN."

She feels a thrill of joy and pride as she signs her own rightful name for the first time since she left her husband. Even in this hour of uncertainty—the wide world, so cruel to unprotected poverty, all before her—she is glad that the mask has been thrown aside, and that she is her honest self once more.

She addresses the letter to Stephen Trenchard in a bold, firm hand, and places it conspicuously on the mantel-piece of her little sitting-room, where it must be seen by the first person who enters the room next morning.

"I have played my game and lost!" she thinks, as she lies down for a few hours, if possible to rest, sleep she knows to be impossible. "If I had won, I wonder whether success would ever have recompensed me for all I have suffered from the bitterness of an acted lie—for the many hours in which I have pretended to be happy with a gnawing pain at my heart?"

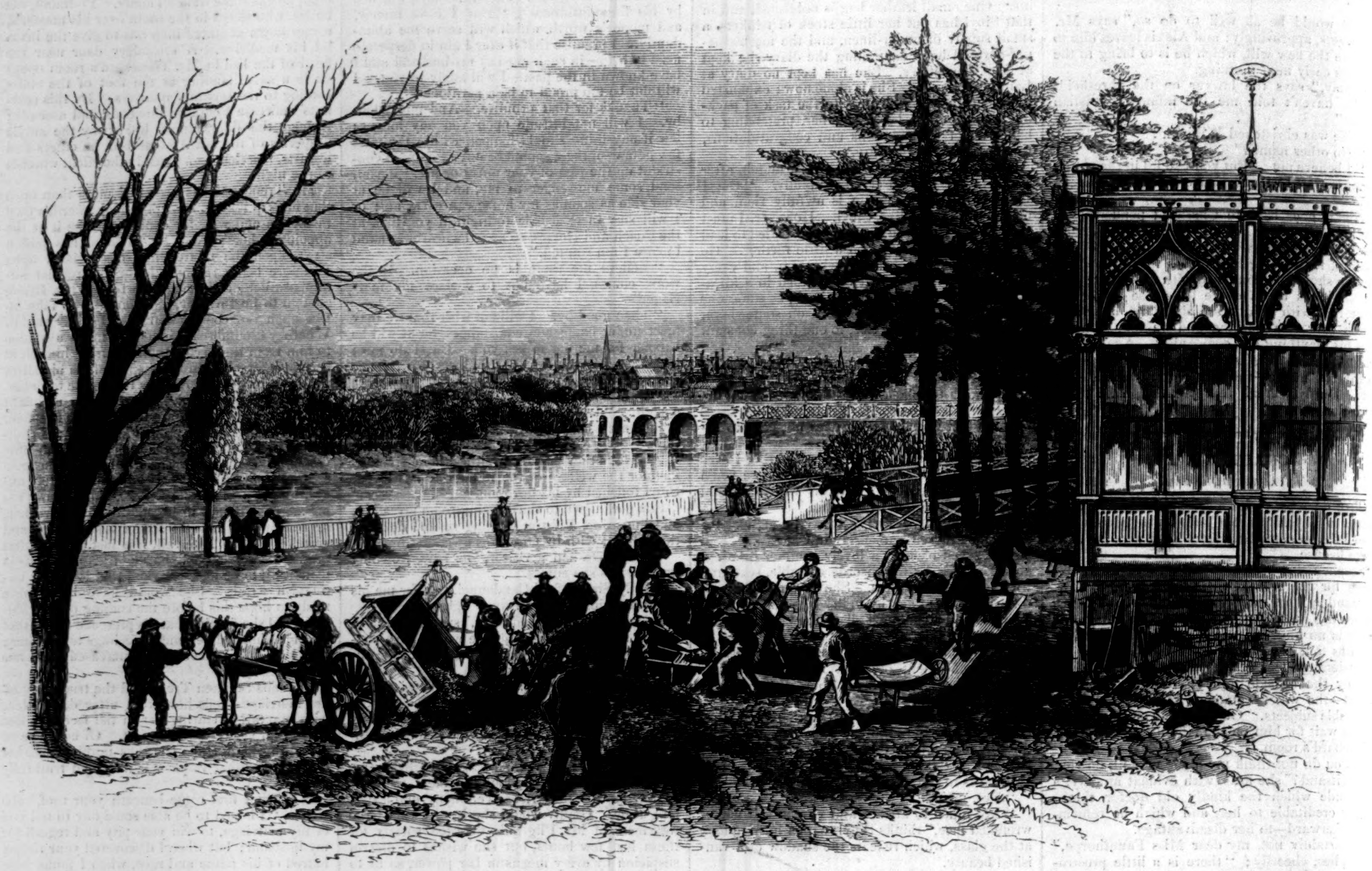
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HEARTH-STONE OF THE POOR.

EVERY one who has passed late of a cold winter night through the streets of lower New York must have observed the groups of thinly clad, shivering boys huddled over the sidewalk gratings in front of buildings where steam is used. The writer was passing the *World* office one cold winter morning, just before the hour for going to press, and noticed a little newsboy curled up, fast asleep, on one of the gratings. A companion was walking up and down, his hands in his pockets, his head shrunk down between his shoulders, and his whole air betokening patient endurance of the biting cold. Just then Trinity Church clock struck the hour of three. "Wake up, BILL," said the lad who was walking, giving the sleeper a gentle push with his foot; "wake up; it's my turn now." The boy uncurled himself slowly, got up without a word, and began walking back and forth, while his companion, with an expressive "Golly! ain't I cold!" took his place on the grating, and was fast asleep in half a minute.

EYTINGE's pathetic picture on our first page shows how the poor street children, girls and boys together, take comfort at these free hearth-stones—rather cold comfort, think the warmly dressed children who look at them in passing; but the waifs evidently enjoy themselves, and are not disturbed by envious feelings.

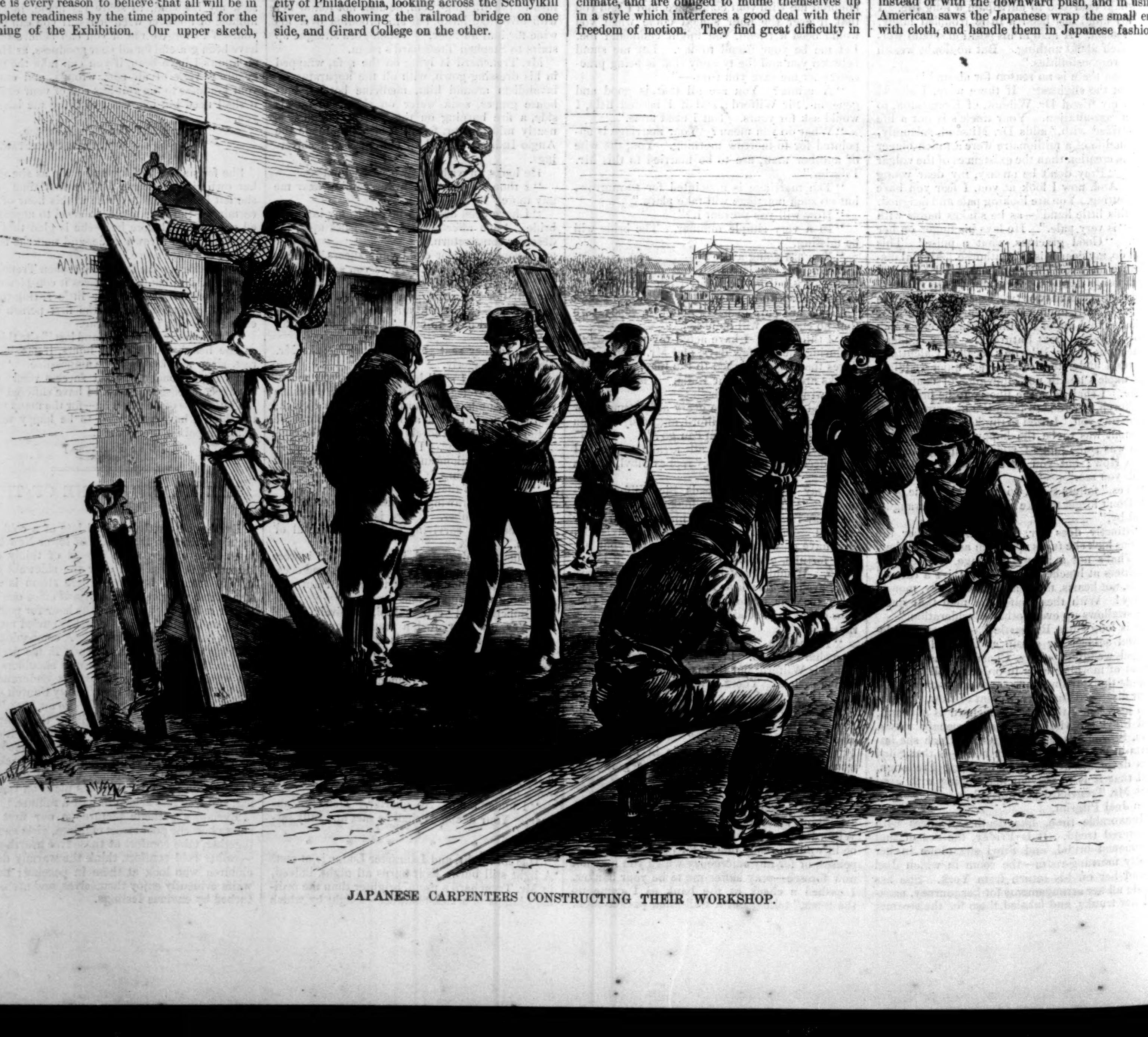
SCENES IN THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS, PHILADELPHIA.—[FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



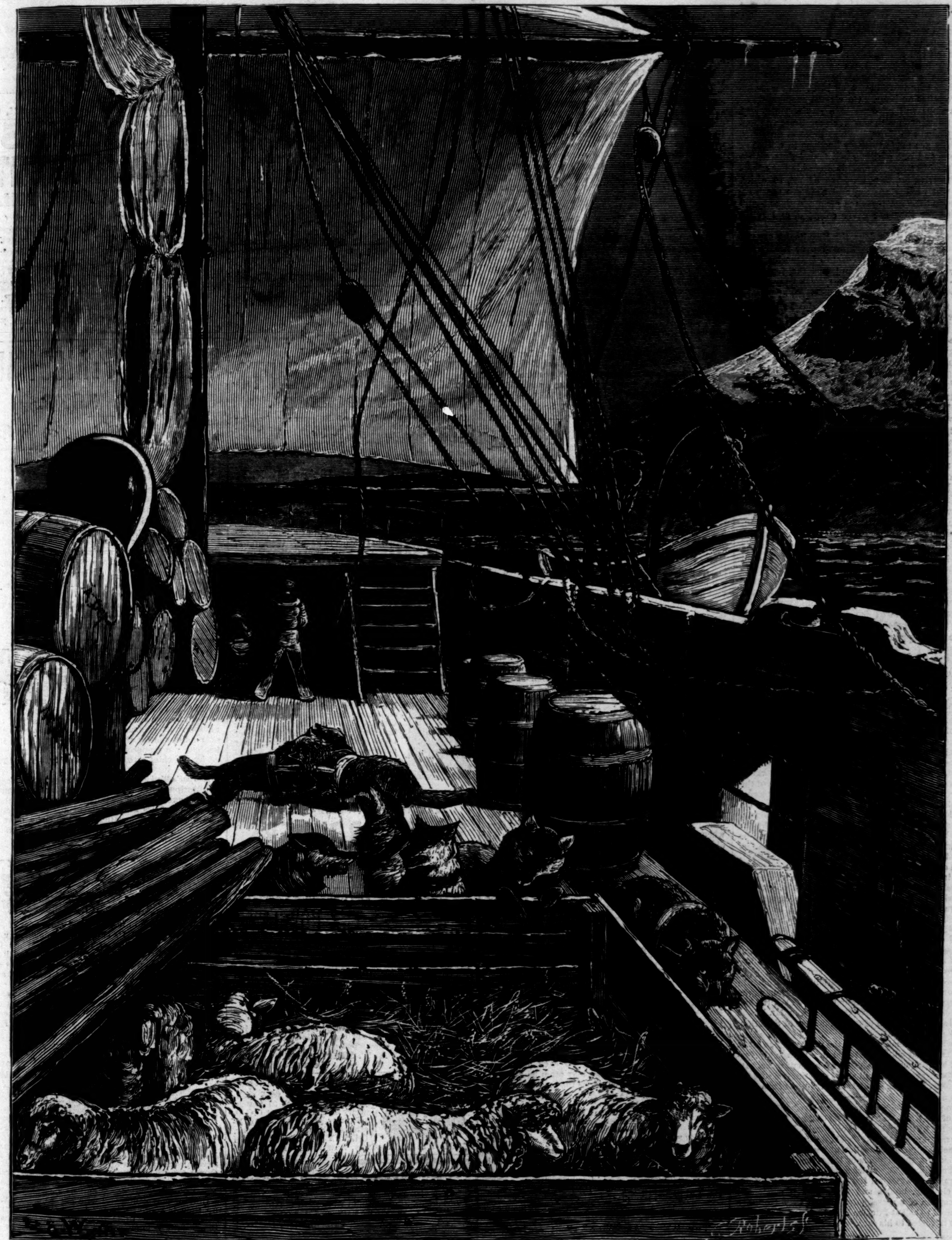
A GLIMPSE OF PHILADELPHIA, FROM HORTICULTURAL HALL.

WORK upon the Centennial grounds and buildings in Fairmount Park is progressing rapidly, and although a great deal remains to be done, there is every reason to believe that all will be in complete readiness by the time appointed for the opening of the Exhibition. Our upper sketch, taken from the east end of Horticultural Hall, where gangs of laborers are at work preparing for the grand floral display, gives a glimpse of the city of Philadelphia, looking across the Schuylkill River, and showing the railroad bridge on one side, and Girard College on the other.

The lower sketch shows a group of Japanese carpenters engaged in putting up a workshop. The poor fellows suffer very much from our cold climate, and are obliged to muffle themselves up in a style which interferes a good deal with their freedom of motion. They find great difficulty in accommodating themselves to the use of American carpenters' tools. Japanese saws, for example, are so constructed as to cut when drawn back, instead of with the downward push, and in using American saws the Japanese wrap the small end with cloth, and handle them in Japanese fashion,



JAPANESE CARPENTERS CONSTRUCTING THEIR WORKSHOP.



ON BOARD AN ARCTIC VESSEL.

of course to great disadvantage. In planing, also, they draw instead of pushing the plane, as may be seen in the foreground of the sketch. The ladder used by them in the construction of the workshop is simply a plank with cleats nailed across it for the feet. The work is superintended by two officials, whose huge round-rimmed spectacles give them an air of profound gravity and wisdom. The neatness of the work executed by these industrious laborers, in spite of their unfamiliarity with American implements, is remarked by all visitors.

In fair weather the grounds are thronged by sight-seers, who express the utmost admiration at the vast extent of the nearly completed structures, and the excellent and substantial manner in which the work has been executed.

ON BOARD AN ARCTIC VESSEL.

Our illustration on this page shows us an arctic vessel on its way to the frigid regions of the North. Provisions are piled in huge casks and barrels upon the deck, and in the centre we see a number of sheep, whose ultimate fate is probably mutton-chops. But the most interesting part of the cargo are the graceful and quarrelsome Esquimaux dogs. After the horse, there are no animals at once so attractive and interesting as our canine friends, but with us they are ornamental rather than useful members of society. To the unfortunate Esquimaux they are the most valuable possession. Having neither crops nor permanent houses to bind them to one spot, the lives of this peculiar race of men are to a great extent migratory, and their strong and muscular dogs afford them facilities for traveling from place to place. These animals are trained to draw the rude sledges that the Esquimaux construct. The sledges are about two feet wide and five long. The runners are sometimes made of the right and left jaw-bones of a whale, but generally of pieces of wood and bone lashed together, with the interstices stuffed with moss, and the whole secured by a coating of ice, held together by the severity of the climate. The runner is shod with a plate of hard bone, and over this water is poured to form another coating of ice, and this is renewed as often as it is worn off. The climate is such that this is an effectual mode of shoeing for more than six months in the twelve. The dogs are harnessed by a collar and a single trace running over their backs. They are not tied to each other, but each one is attached separately, and all at varying distances, some at twenty feet, and others at less than half that distance. The most docile dog is the leader, and his is the longest trace. They do not all draw in the same direction, as the traces of some of them are so arranged that they form an angle of forty degrees with the course of the sledge. The traces often become entangled, especially when a dog passes from one side to another to avoid the whip. The dog that is struck usually draws back for an instant, then turns upon his next neighbor, and he upon his, so that the blow upon one seldom fails to produce a snarling among all. A good leader, as many of them are, is very attentive to the word of the conductor, and looks back over his shoulder with great earnestness to catch the word of command. The order to stop is expressed by the same word as in English, *wo* or *whoa*, though this command, like all others, depends for execution on the ability of the driver to enforce it. In going homeward, he has no other way to stop the dogs than by forcing his heels into the ground. Ten dogs make a full team, and will draw a sledge twelve miles an hour. On a good surface, six or seven dogs will perform in a day a journey of sixty miles, even with weight amounting to a thousand pounds to draw. When there is no snow, the dogs are made to carry burdens in a kind of paniers, and one of them will travel thus with a weight of twenty-five pounds upon his back. As a general thing, they all have names, to which they will readily answer, and they are more attached to their masters than gratitude alone would require, for they are never caressed, and suffer much hard usage.

Apart from their dogs, the Esquimaux are not an interesting people. Spread over nearly the whole of the northern coasts of America, they differ in form, manners, and customs from any other race on the continent. They resemble more some of the natives of the north of Europe than the American Indians. In stature they are below Europeans generally. Those to the northwest of Hudson Bay are of a larger size than those of Labrador, but all are dwarfish. But although they are diminutive, they are well formed and hardy. Their complexions are clear, and the skin smooth. It has been remarked that "in this respect there are between these people and the Europeans more shades of dirt than any other difference." Their hair is black and straight; the men wear theirs long and loose, but the women, who take pride in it, separate it in two portions, so that one part hangs over each shoulder. Some of the men wear the beard on the upper lip and chin, and cut the hair on the crown, like the tonsure of a monk. Many of the females and children have pleasing countenances, even after the strictness of the European standard. The old, however, are often exceedingly ugly.

Wars are unknown among the Esquimaux, though the Indians sometimes pursue them with ferocious vindictiveness. Fighting is not their trade; they are fishermen, and not warriors. And yet the fact that they are not cowards is well established, for they will sometimes attack a polar bear single-handed; indeed, they frequently court danger that ordinary discretion would warn them against. In quest of fish or game they will fearlessly trust themselves upon floating pieces of ice where a European would not dare to set his foot.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Committees on Art, appointed by the Director-General of the International Exhibition, in connection with the New York State Centennial Commission, are now prepared to receive applications for the exhibition of statuary, paintings, engravings, architectural designs, and other works of art, at the offices of the Commission, 625 Broadway. Three classes of works are desired—first, works of living American artists; second, works of deceased American artists; third, works of foreign artists, belonging to residents of the United States. It is well known that the Centennial Exhibition will open on May 10; and all works of art intended for exhibition must be sent to 625 Broadway, between March 1 and April 1, for consideration by the Committee of Selection. In special cases they can be examined without removal. Works of art will be forwarded from the office of the Commission to the Exhibition and returned to the owners free of charge; and those in New York or Brooklyn for which application for space has been made in due form will be collected and taken to the Broadway office free of expense to owners. All pictures should be placed in square frames, and excessive breadth in frames should be avoided. There should be attached to the outside and inside of each package a label giving the name and address of the exhibitor, and the titles, sizes, and number of articles in the package. The committee will be glad to receive information from artists in regard to works of theirs worthy of exhibition which are not in their own possession, and also where meritorious works of deceased artists may be found. Mr. W. Whittridge, chairman of the Advisory Committee, or Mr. Daniel Huntington, chairman of the Committee of Selection, may be addressed.

It will be remembered that the works of fine art at the Centennial will be arranged in a thoroughly fire-proof building erected especially for the purpose. Its interior arrangements will afford superior facilities for the proper display and safety of all works of art.

Some little time ago the shipwrecked officers and crew of the *Khandeish* were most hospitably and kindly treated by the inhabitants of Pitcairn Island. They sojourned among them fifty-six days; and in return for their kindness a collection of useful articles is being made for the islanders by ladies and gentlemen in San Francisco. The articles most needed by the islanders are agricultural implements, hardware, women's clothing, books, and a fresh-water condenser. The captain of a vessel going around Cape Horn has promised to call at Pitcairn Island and deliver any articles intrusted to his care.

The Japanese government has obtained the temporary services of President Clark, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, to superintend the founding of a similar institution in that country. Ample capital will be furnished, and he is authorized to engage assistants, and to conduct the undertaking according to his own methods.

It is said that there are but fifty-five medical men in all Siberia, where a population of 6,000,000 is spread over an immense area of country. Consequently there is some need of the university of law and medicine which the Russians are about to establish at Tomsk. The Minister of Finance has granted a credit of £40,000 to aid the new university.

A petition is being circulated for signatures through this city, asking the passage of a law authorizing free reading-rooms to be opened, under the supervision of the Board of Education, after school hours, in one school building of each ward. The petition also provides that these reading-rooms shall be supplied with suitable papers and magazines, arrangements made to sustain order, and a superintendent for each room appointed from the corps of teachers now employed by the city. Of our working population about 125,000 men and youths have not the means to indulge in expensive evening entertainments, and have no resources of society. For them there is little choice of evening resorts, and a large proportion find solace in drinking saloons or worse haunts of dissipation. If one school-house in each ward were open in the evening to all decent people, and its rooms, well warmed and lighted, supplied with pleasant reading matter, they would undoubtedly soon become very attractive and popular. By thus providing innocent evening recreation for the working people a vast deal of good may be accomplished. New York is behind European cities in the provision, by public authority, of proper arrangements for the instruction and entertainment of the adult population, and free ward reading-rooms would go far to supply a marked deficiency.

A singular sporting character recently died in England, who was known by the name of John Hawley, although his real name was Lionel Scott Pilkinton. His burial, according to his own desire, was peculiar. The body, dressed in hunting clothes, including whip and spurs, was carried on a board to a hole in the garden, lowered into a stone coffin, and laid between the carcasses of two favorite cows once belonging to him. He had desired that an old pony with which he used to hunt should be shot and buried with him, but this wish was not complied with. No funeral service or rite was performed at the grave.

A guest sojourning at one of the hotels in Louisville, on ringing the bell in his room, was surprised at the appearance of a young girl very plainly dressed. She did not speak, but after a moment the guest said, "I rang for the bell boy." "We have no bell boys here," was the answer; "we are all girls." So there seems to be another kind of employment opening for women at the South.

From Sicily comes the report that Etna is not perfectly tranquil. On the evening of December 19 people observed dense smoke arising, mixed with reddish vapors. A local journal says that "while the giant is emitting flames from his flanks, his head is covered with snow."

The Health Board of New York is using means to ascertain what localities in the settled portion of this city are subject to strictly malarial diseases. The inquiries made will include not only intermittent and remittent fevers, but obscurer diseases in which the element of periodicity causes suspicion. A map of the city is sent to each physician, with the request that he will indicate the precise locality of all cases of this kind which he may treat, and report the results of his labors. Such reports will make a scientific basis on which to devise means to remedy existing evils.

The case of the notorious Pomeroy boy is discussed in a recent number of the *Medical and Surgical Journal*. There are five recognized forms of mental alienation, and Dr. Folsom, an expert in mental diseases, finds that Pomeroy shows no symptoms of being subject to any of them. The doctor thinks that medical science is unable to discover why his mental condition should be urged to save him from the ordinary penalty of his crime.

An engineer on the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and St. Louis Railroad recently died from the effects of a most singular wound. While returning home one evening, he suddenly felt something strike him. Later, on recovering his senses, he found himself on the ground, and that he had been robbed. The only mark of injury to be seen was a slight abrasion of the skin on his neck. The wound was not painful until the next day, when medical advice was called. In a few days he died. Post-mortem examination revealed the fact that a wooden splinter about three inches in length was imbedded in his neck. It had passed between the carotid artery and the jugular vein, penetrating to some extent both artery and vein. The pneumogastric nerve was also injured a good deal. How so large a piece of wood could have been driven so deeply into the neck, and in that direction, seems a mystery.

Thomassen, whose crimes are gradually being discovered, was charged in 1866 with scuttling a ship on board of which he had goods insured in England for £24,000. He was arrested, but subsequently effected his release.

Complaints have been made of the defective sewerage in the vicinity of the Deaf-and-dumb Asylum, and to this is attributed the presence of disease in that institution. Last year a malarial fever broke out in the neighborhood of Stuyvesant Square, and was traced to muddy deposits mixed with decaying leaves in the fountain basins in the park. To such apparently small causes malarial diseases may often be referred, and during such a mild winter as the present has been thus far, special care is needed to remove every possible source of malaria.

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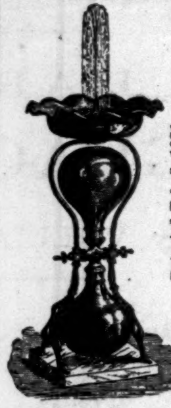

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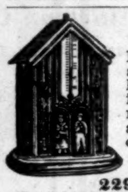

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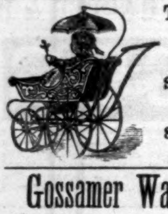

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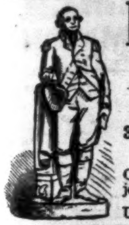

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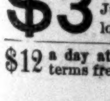

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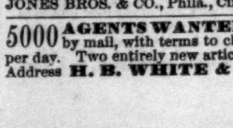

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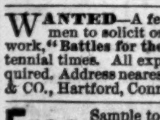

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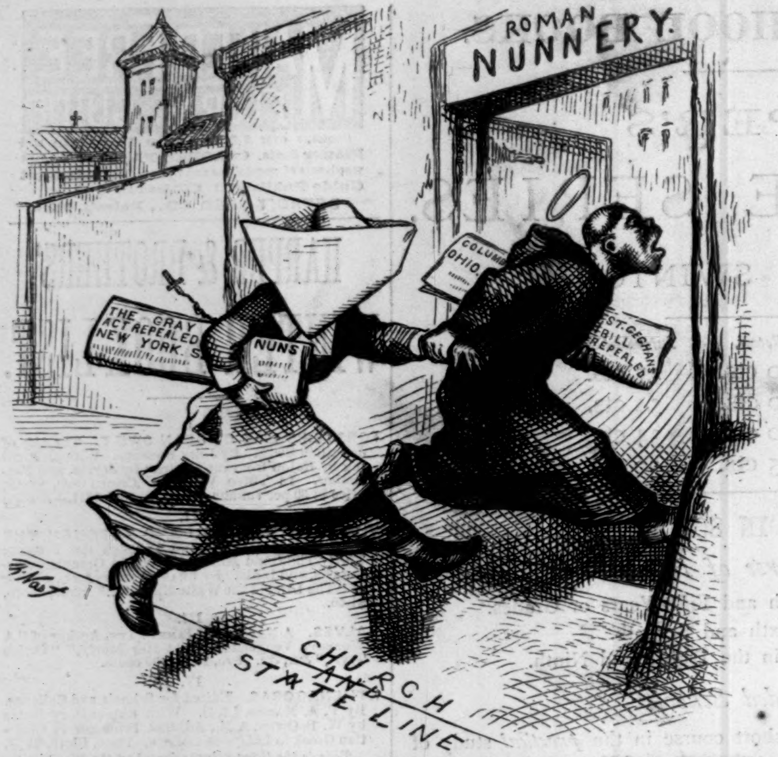

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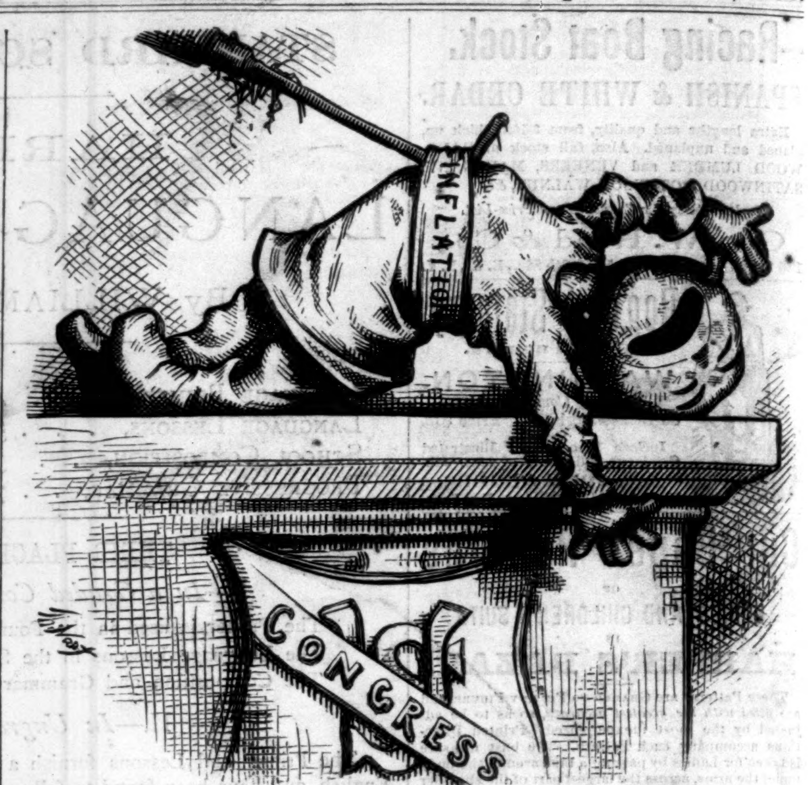

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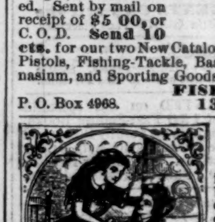
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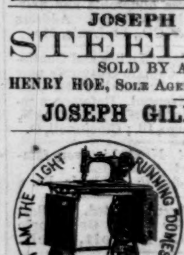
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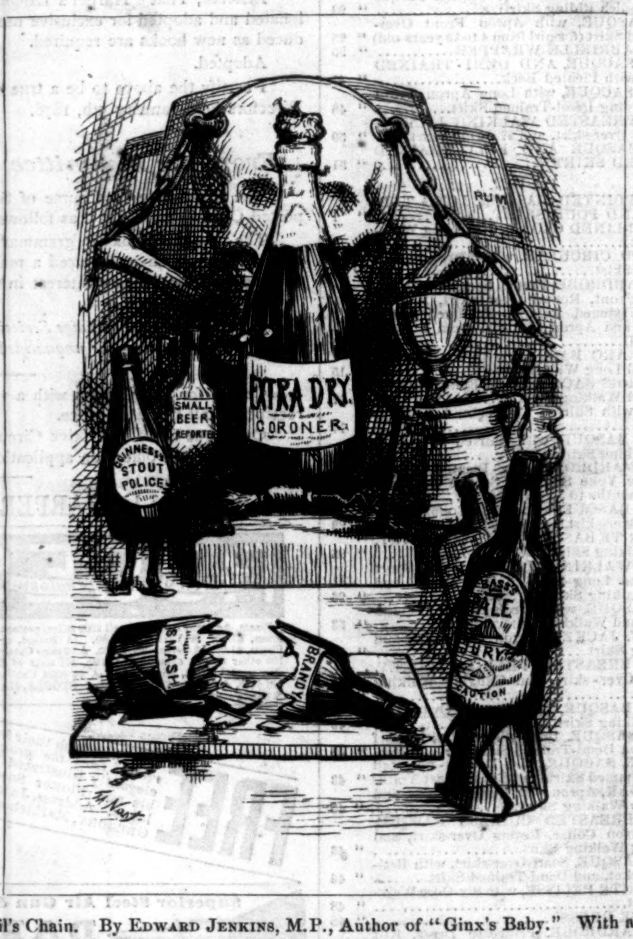

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WILLFULNESS.

I OFFERED hand and heart and self
To Somebody—a willful elf—
Who heard me through, then turned away,
And answered but a scornful "Nay!"
In vain I strove to plead my case;
No gentle pity touched her face;
But listening with polite surprise,
She turned from mine her careless eyes.

Love driven back within my breast,
Pride volunteered to do the rest.
I ceased to argue and implore,
And vowed to trouble her no more.
Then, lo! the maiden's cheeks grew red,
And downward bent the haughty head;
The sweet lips lost their careless smile,
And quivered as I paused the while.

A sudden hope within me grew:
I dared to think her heart was true,
E'en though her lips, for mischief's sake,
Had tried my proffered heart to break.
Just what I whispered, never mind!
But she—she answered, "Men are blind:
When will they learn a woman's nay—
By dint of coaxing—means but yea?"

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THE DEVIL'S CHAIN.

BY EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.,

AUTHOR OF "GINX'S BABY," ETC.

> Make a chain: for the land is full of bloody crimes, and the city is full of violence.—EZEKIEL.

LINK THE NINTH.—(*Continued.*)

HOPE, HONOR, LIFE.

II.—AN UNPLEASANT VISITOR.

DELAMARRE shuddered, and turned and looked into the glass over the mantel-piece. With perfect command of countenance, he could not but see that a light pallor tinged his face. We know he was innocent of that terrible crime, but it was a startling thing to hear the word uttered in connection with his name. After so many years of successful politics, so many years of loose pleasure, so long a period in which outer respectability had been concurrent with a disreputable private life—it did shock this man out of his self-possession suddenly to find himself face to face with an outraged society in the person of this stolid policeman uttering the word *murder!* He reflected over his position a long time before he turned again. He saw how awkward the situation was. He could think of no escape from that which he dreaded most—a scandalous exposure—and his thoughts ran rapidly over the probable effects upon himself and on the Ministry, to whose existence he knew he was essential. It was impossible to see light through the bewildering chaos. Worse than all, in view of that ugly word, "murder," Henry Bighorne had put himself out of the way, no one knew where. On the other hand, a sentiment of honor forbade that he should mention Bighorne's name, since the latter had done so much for him. At length he turned calmly to the Inspector.

"Well, what do you want to do?"

"Well, Mr. Delamarre, the Chief Commissioner ordered me to bring two gentlemen in plain clothes, and leave them in the house for the present, till you can see your friends. Of course you won't leave this room; and they will remain down stairs in the hall. You are quite free to see any one."

"Hem!" said Mr. Delamarre, with a choking sensation in his throat which he wished to conceal. "It's very obliging of the Chief Commissioner. And seeing I appointed him when I was Home Secretary, it's grateful. But, my dear Inspector, don't leave a couple of men like sheriff's messengers in my hall. Put them in the library." He rang the bell.

Laycock appeared, looking very white and disturbed.

"Show those two—ah—gentlemen into the library, Laycock, and get them some breakfast. This gentleman, perhaps, will join them. We have an awkward affair on at the Admiralty, which requires their assistance."

The Inspector lingered a moment behind the servant.

"It ain't regular, Mr. Delamarre," he said, in an under-tone. "But you give me your word of honor as a gentleman you won't leave this house?"

"You need not fear," replied the Minister. "You can rely on my honor."

III.—NEWS AT LAST.

Late in the evening of the day in which things were running so hard against Mr. Delamarre a stranger rang the bell at Grosvenor Place, and requested to see Miss Bighorne. The tall footman, who regarded his young lady with a sort of fraternal sympathy, ventured upon a delicate remonstrance with the "person" who proposed an interview at so unreasonable an hour.

"Be good enough," said the stranger, with dignity, "to state that the Rev. Charles Wood, curate of Burslem, has called with some news of Mr. Henry Bighorne."

In a few moments Emily was with him face to face in the library. The good clergyman was a bachelor, but the thinning hair and lines about the fine eyes and square deep forehead showed that he was forty at least. His face was not a handsome one, though striking for its intelligent *finesse* and the play of gentle benevolence which touched and softened every feature. There was a slight confusion in his manner when James, the footman, opened the door and she came hastily toward him. He glanced at the fair anxious face, grown pale with sorrow and anxiety, and felt abashed with terror at the task he had to perform.

"You say you have news of my brother, Sir?" cried Emily.

"Yes," he replied. "Will you be good enough to shut the door?" he added, turning to the lingering footman; and then proceeded: "Allow me to introduce myself, Miss Bighorne—the Reverend Charles Wood, curate of St. Enoch's, Burslem, in Staffordshire."

"Have you seen my brother, Sir? Is he well?"

"My dear young lady," said the curate, nervously, "may I ask you to sit down? for—for I have a long story to tell. And pray be calm, Miss Bighorne."

"Don't conceal any thing, I beg of you," said Emily, taking the stranger's hand, in her excitement, and looking earnestly in his face. He looked so manly, and withal so gentle, that he seemed like an old friend. "You have bad news, I am sure."

He looked in her face a moment and considered. Can she bear it? Then he simply said:

"Alas! yes. The worst."

A lovely girl in a storm of sorrow—and a strange curate walking up and down the room, silently dropping tears about in an agony of sympathy. He did not know what had happened to him, but he felt for her as if she had been his own. A long time he walked about, and his lips moved in prayer. By-and-by he went and spoke to her.

"Miss Bighorne, I watched by his side through his illness—I closed his eyes when all was over. He has charged me with messages. Shall I go away to-night and come again in the morning?"

"You closed his eyes? You nursed him?" said Emily. "How good of you! Pray, pray, do not go away. I am better now. Please tell me all to-night."

Slowly and sadly he went through the mournful details, often interrupted by her sorrow, though she struggled against it bravely. She was ashamed to break down so completely before a stranger; but his tact and kindness encouraged her, and by the time he had concluded, she was comparatively calm.

As they parted, she took both his hands and looked straight into his honest eyes.

"I—we—papa and mamma and I—owe you a debt, Mr. Wood, we can never, never repay. You have been a Christian and a Samaritan. God will reward you. To-morrow my parents will be here. You will, of course, come and stay with us?"

There was a strange light in the curate's eyes and a strange flutter in his heart as he went out into the cheerless loneliness of London on that dark November evening.

The morning after Emily Bighorne's interview with Mr. Wood, disquieting rumors circulated among the higher officials of Downing Street. A Secretary of State was missing—a disaster considered in that quarter to be of the first magnitude, though in outer society regarded as more easily remediable than the sinking of an iron-clad. Mr. Delamarre's word of honor—hitherto unimpeached at Tattersall's, on the turf, in the ring, or even in the House of Commons, where Ministerial exigencies sometimes run things very close—had at length been broken to a policeman. With the aid of the ingenious Laycock, the two detectives had been stretched on their backs in the library—no doubt narcotized, after preliminary potations—and Mr. Delamarre and his servant had disappeared.

It was six or seven hours after they had left Mayfair before the escape was discovered, and they were by that time a long way from London. The evening papers alluded to mysterious rumors about a gentleman of distinction, and the next morning's press came out with the whole story. The sofa in Mrs. Bellhouse's parlor had been sold, and in overhauling it the letter addressed to Mr. Delamarre was found between the cushion and the back.

The excitement was naturally intense. It grew to white heat on the succeeding day, when Henry Bighorne's decease was announced, and the newspapers published the few words of his dying declaration, which acquitted Mr. Delamarre and himself of any direct responsibility for Mrs. Hurlingham's death. Then there was a reaction in Mr. Delamarre's favor. It was a keen sense of honor which had taken him away. He could come back to society at all events, if not to the Ministry.

The romance was so piquant! The higher classes discussed it. The "lower orders" crowded to Dover Street, Grosvenor Place, and St. Martin's Lane—the three scenes of the tragedy—and besieged the bars of all the public-houses in those neighborhoods. Whether the excitement be a war, or a funeral, or a murder, or a wedding, or a comedy, or a cantata, there is one person who may sit serene amidst it all—because each alike brings grist to his mill and money to his till—that is, the PUBLICAN!

In the mean time, however, Mr. Delamarre had placed himself beyond the possibility of return.

IV.—A CLEAN SWEEP.

A ship, the *Four Bells*, 950 tons, out of Plymouth Sound, bound for New Zealand, was running down the Channel before a southeast breeze freshening to a gale. A noble clipper, she had left Plymouth before daylight, on a murky November morning, with a full cargo and 480 emigrants for Christchurch. The gray afternoon had ended in a dark and dirty evening. The sea increased; the wind, which now and then swept up in angry gusts, brought with it a cold and drizzly rain. The gallant ship, under reefed mainsail, foresail, and top-sails, danced before the wind in the joy of strength and beauty—her taper masts and white sails bending gently to the breeze, and her graceful hull skipping over the white-topped waves like some living leviathan sporting in the water. The emigrants had gone below, most of them overcome by the weather, and only two or three in shining water-proofs remained on deck, clinging to the bulwarks on the lee side. Two of these were talking to the look-out on the foredeck, who, clad in oil-skin from head to foot, stood peering through the darkening scurry of the elements, as the bow of the noble vessel went up and down to the roll and hollowing of the waves, which ever and anon flung their crests over the bulwarks with a mighty splash, followed by the hissing swirl of water to and fro as it rolled into the water-ways and out at the scuppers.

"I am the second mate," he had said, in answer to one of the emigrants.

"Are you the only look-out?"

"Yes."

"Is it not a very bad night?"

"Dirty enough, Sir."

"Why, there's no one on deck but you and the man at the wheel."

"Oh yes," replied the mate. "There's the first mate in his cabin; and the captain too, for that matter."

"Are you short-handed?"

"Well, we are and we aren't," said the officer, laughing. "We have a full crew aboard, but they're not in working trim yet. They don't muster well the first day, anyhow; but I never sailed with such a lot of drunken dogs as these."

"Do you mean to say they are all drunk?"

"Drunk as fiddlers."

I am unable to state what degree of intoxication is implied by this standard of measurement—though I presume it means that they had waxed very drunk—but it certainly was a long way beyond capacity to stand and act.

"And do you mean to say," said the elder of the emigrants, who spoke in a cultivated, authoritative tone, which the mate noticed particularly, "that the captain has gone to sea with only four able seamen on board, and that you four are all there are to handle the ship through such a night as this?"

"There aren't *four!*" replied the other, sententiously. "Captain's not quite straight yet."

"Good heavens!" cried the emigrant. "Here's a pretty look-out, Laycock!"

The two consulted together for a moment.

"We shall remain on deck all night, Sir," said the man to the mate. "You can command us for any aid we can render. I have taken my turn at the ropes on a yacht now and then. How do you dare to leave port under such conditions?" he continued, warmly. "I shall inquire into this matter personally—" He checked himself.

"Well, Sir," replied the mate, dodging a sprinkle of brine that came hissing over the weather bow, "I don't know who you may be; but how are we to help it? We were ready to sail at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, but our fellows were all ashore, spending the last of the credit they had on their *advance-notes*. There was no one aboard but Jim Rousby there at the wheel, and we mates. The captain was terribly put out—he ain't naturally sweet-tempered anyhow, and he likes his glass of grog when he's going to sea, though he doesn't take any on the voyage. Six bells struck—an hour before midnight—and he would stand it no longer. 'Merton,' he said, 'you take Jim Rousby and go ashore and get a couple of policemen, and bring those fellows off, or lock 'em up, one or the other.' I can assure you, Sir, it's no fun going ashore to look up such a crew as this in Plymouth hells. Low, dirty places they are, where the crimps get hold of poor Jack, and prey on him as if he was a pig or a sheep. And I'll tell you what does it—it's those *advance-notes.* The owners think they bind the sailors by them, and they do; but I don't like such security. It plays the devil with the shipping. We had to go and drag those fellows out one by one; some dead drunk, some mad drunk, and we got the whole lot off by early morning; and my belief is they haven't done yet. They have some stowed away in the fo'ksle, or my name's not Merton."

On went the noble ship, the gale increasing every minute. With great difficulty at four bells, aided by one or two stewards from the stern cabin, the chief mate, who had charge of her while the captain was sleeping off his annoyance and his grog, managed to take in the main and fore sails, and she went plunging forward under a jib and reefed foretop-sail. The sea began to sweep the deck from end to end, but the two emigrants still clung to the rigging by the bulwarks on the lee side.

Wilder and wilder grew the night. Angry scream of furious wind through strand and rigging; fierce plash and boom of billows breaking over the bow; roar of the great waves far and near wrestling with the gale; rattle of rolling blocks; squirm and creak of stay and girder and beam and planking; and on the decks below, among the crowded emigrants, noises and groaning and women's shrieks and the cries of children. Still gallantly onward went the ship, straining to her work, shaking off the storm, and swiftly winning her way. And well and warily did mates and steersman handle her till eight bells struck for the noon of night. Then the storm seemed to be moderating, and Delamarre—for it was he—turned to his companion and said:

"I think we may go down now. I am fearfully cold and wet. Every thing seems safe."

Yes; every thing is safe, as far as foresight of generous owners could make it. A good ship, picked captain, sufficient crew: with these they could face old ocean, and laugh at the boisterous elements. But there is one element no care can outwit, no forecast guard against, able at all times to cheat caution and probability, to defy skill and regulation—and that element was aboard the ship that night.

The two men had reached the forward companion, leading to the emigrants' quarter, for they were traveling in disguise. Laycock opened the door; a puff of smoke, a flash of lurid light athwart the lower deck, and a shriek of "Fire!" came at the instant from the forecastle of the ship—flash of flame caused by the spirit from a broken bottle which a drunken wretch had fired with the match he struck to see what had come of it.

"Fire! *Fire!* FIRE!" sharp shrieks and shouts of men and women; wail of frightened children rushing to and fro, and deadly struggling for life in the midst of blinding smoke; curse and scream of drunken sailors rolling in avenging flames; loud alarm of hurrying stewards rousing the passengers in the stern cabin, and these, unmindful of the bitter blast, rushing wildly upon deck, and clinging together upon the poop near the wheel. Here come strong men with a mad rush for the boats, thrusting aside and trampling down weak women and children. The captain, wakened out of his sleep, stares in half-drunken incapacity at the dreadful scene, or shouts incongruous orders. Ignorant hands have swamped two boats, and paid the penalty. William Merton, like the brave young fellow he was, fought desperately to save a third boat-load, and had nearly succeeded, when a charge of frantic laborers overpowered him, and he went down among those he was trying to save—last hope of that poor widow at Cherry-Luton, last of three hopes, three several times blighted by the same fell destroyer!

And now at length two hundred souls are crowded shivering on the stern poop, where Jim Rousby still stands, with his mouth shut and his eye keenly watching, keeping the tossing furnace before the wind, the bright flames licking out from the fore hatchways, and fighting their way slowly but surely against the storm along the deck—while the lurid light gleams on cringing forms and pallid faces and praying lips and eyes fixed in horror, and a scene of helpless despair. Facing the flames, in front of all, stands Delamarre, without his cloak, which he has thrown over a half-naked girl, his hatless head erect, his teeth clinched—recalling to himself the long distinguished and degraded past, and bravely awaiting this obscure doom.

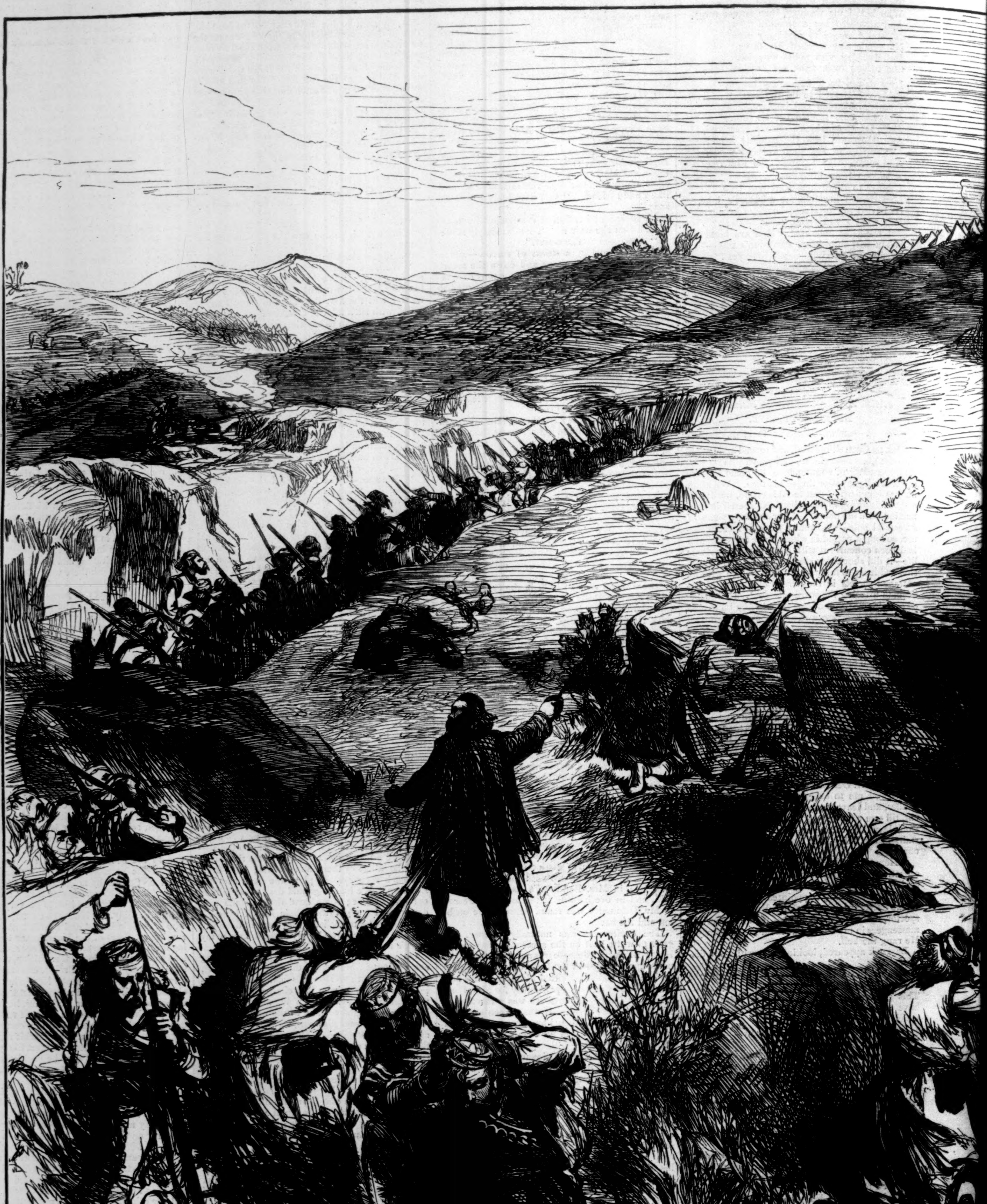
The flames, raging now with fierce heat, leaped up around the mainmast and toward the mizzen, and onward to the poop deck. The dismal crowd watched in fearful suspense, for they knew that deep down in the hold lay hogsheads of the same fiery spirit that had set this hellish blaze agoing. At length there was a short preliminary burst, then another, then a fierce explosion, and the wail and outcry of perishing mortality went up to Heaven through the storm, as the victims of the Drink Demon were swallowed up in the yawning mouth of the relentless ocean.

THE END.

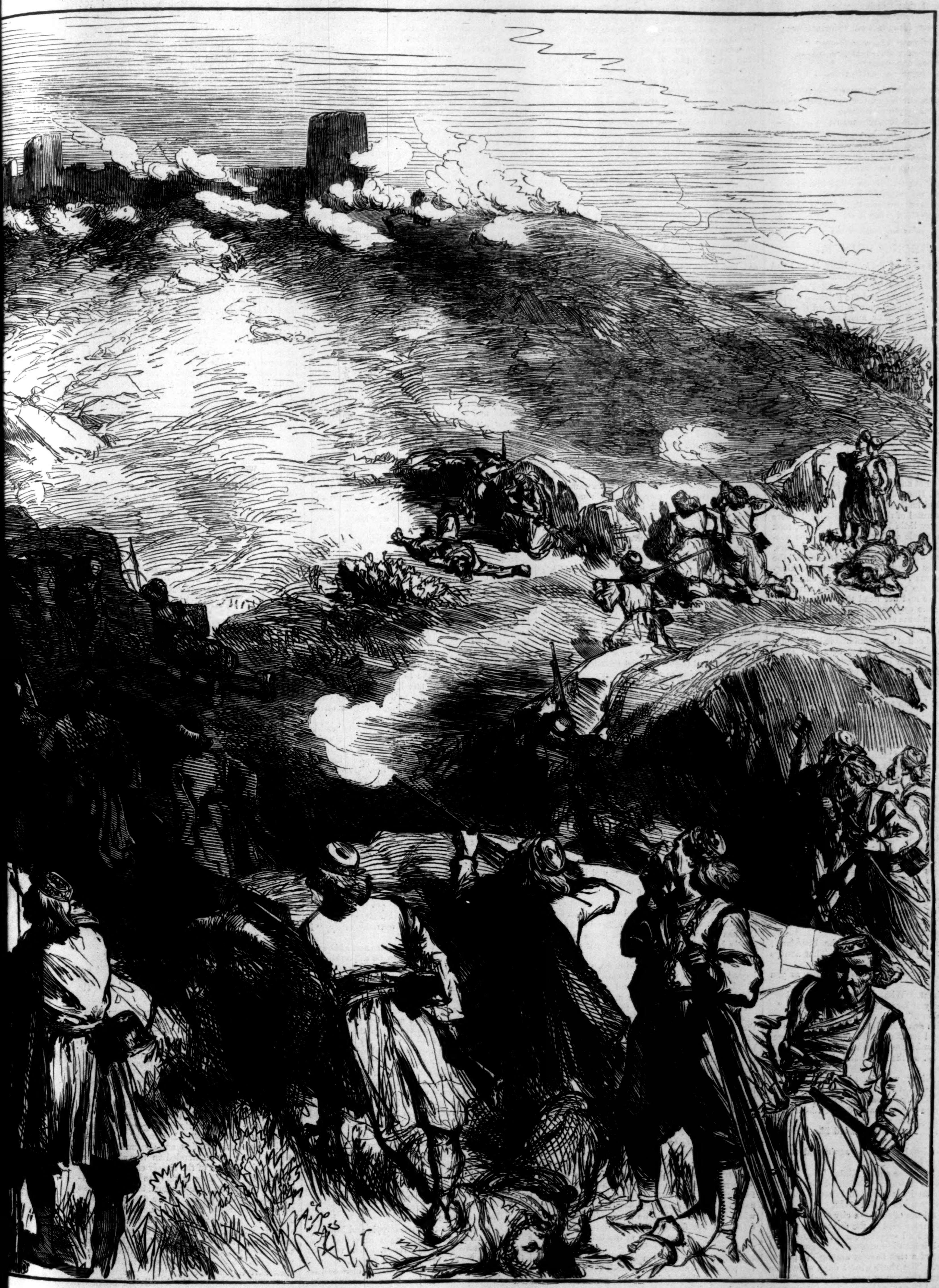
HERZEGOVINA.

OUR double-page illustration will give the reader a vivid idea of the recent attack of the Herzegovinian insurgents upon the fortress of Palanka, where the Turkish battalion that should have covered the retreat of CHEVKET PASHA was entirely destroyed. The reports of the European consuls, as well as those of unofficial persons, give us a deplorable view of the barbarous cruelties which accompany this warfare. It appears that the outrages which are perpetrated under their own eyes even in Mostar and its immediate neighborhood transcend all belief. A Christian is found murdered; he is at once buried out of sight, and no question asked. Another is maltreated by Mussulmans; the police interfere and take hold, not of the offenders, but of the victim. There is no end to the deeds of violence and extortion, no end to the murders. The Mussulmans of the province, Sclaves by race, like their Christian fellow-subjects, are by nature no bigots, and the two creeds have harbored hitherto no very relentless mutual hostility. It is SERVER PASHA, we are told, who spreads mistrust and ill-will between them, rousing the fears of the Mussulmans by persuading them that the insurrection, if successful, would lead to their spoliation and expulsion, thus enlisting their very instinct of self-preservation in the interests of the government. Herein lies the main obstacle to all projected reform, that any seeming concession made to the Christians, however illusory and deceptive, has the effect of raising their demands and pretensions, and in a corresponding degree creating alarm and implacable rage among the Mussulmans. It does not seem likely that the disturbed district can ever be pacified otherwise than by its utter depopulation; indeed, two-thirds of it have already been laid waste and ravaged. But the insurgents are still holding their ground in the mountains. Divided into three bands, under the orders of SOCIZZA, PETROWICH, and PAULOWICH, they are nowhere and every where, falling suddenly on the imperial troops where they have them at advantage, declining any encounter in which they are outnumbered, advancing or retiring with the certainty that with them lies the choice of the battle-field. It is the same kind of guerrilla warfare with which the annals of Greece, of Spain and her colonies, have made us familiar.

It is admitted, however, that not all the clans have espoused the cause of the insurrection with equal zeal. The wild and hardy sons of Gatschko, Nevesinje, Bilec, Korjewic, and Banjani, and part of Zubci are warlike; they care little for rain or cold, and only rest when there are no Turks to be got at. The inhabitants of Popovo Poljc, Bobani, and Sto'atz are, on the contrary, faint-hearted, and try to shirk duty by going across the Austrian frontier, whence their leaders often drive them back by force. The foreigners are looked upon with little love, and they are only tolerated because they represent that sympathy which manifests itself, to the satisfaction of the insurgents, in money, arms, ammunition, and clothing. In the mean time, relief is sought for the wretched fugitives at Ragusa and elsewhere on the Adriatic coast.



THE WAR IN THE HERZEGOVINA—STORMING OF THE [illegible]ESS O



ESS OF PALANKA BY THE INSURGENTS.—[See Page 137.]